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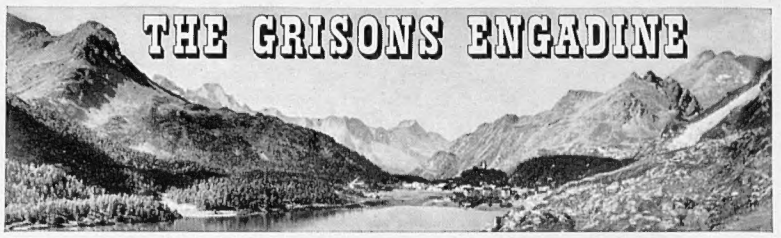

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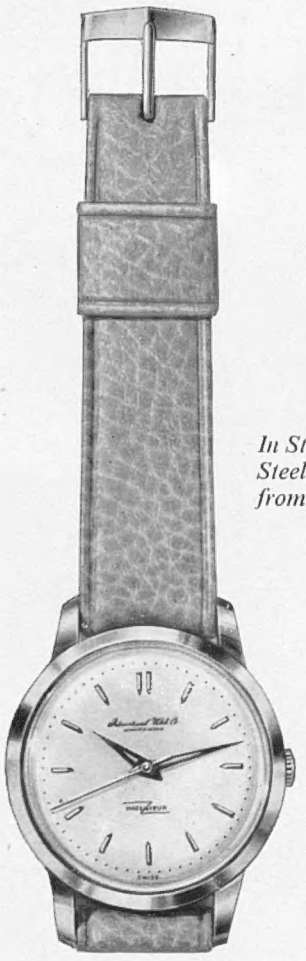

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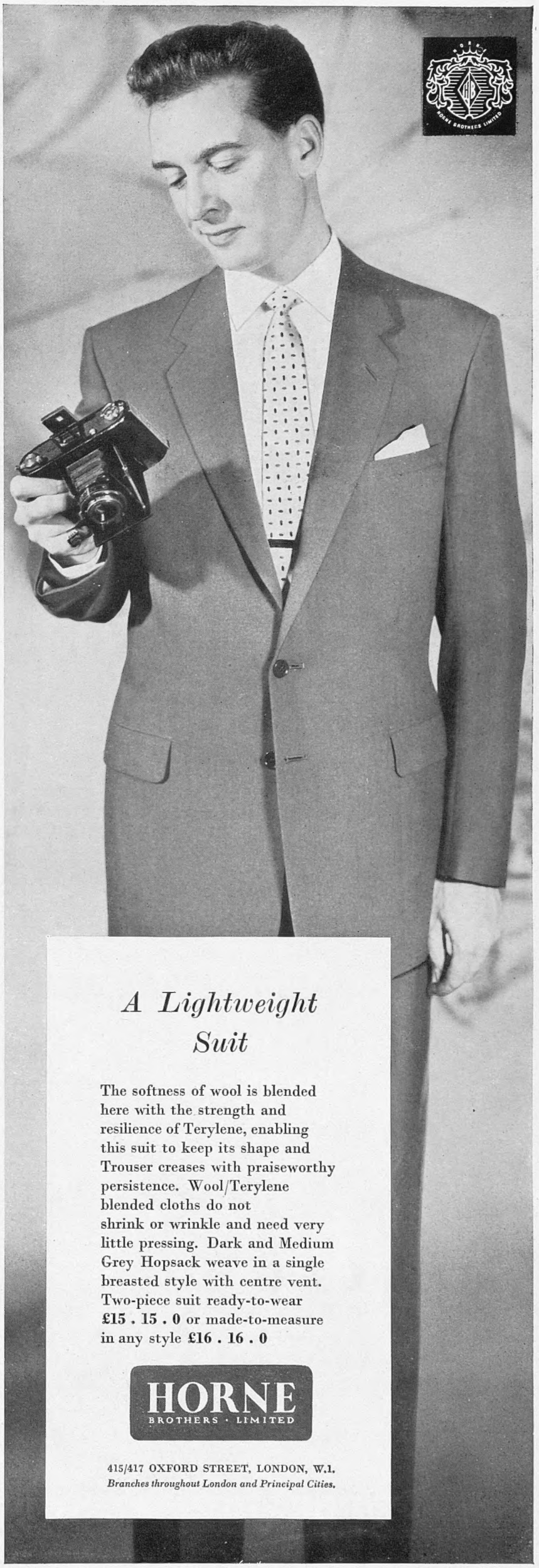

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Volume CCXXXIII No. 3031

The SPHERE, London, May 3, 1958

The SPHERE

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A SPECTACULAR DAY IN THE WEST INDIES—PRINCESS MARGARET INAUGURATES THE FEDERAL LEGISLATURE OF THE NEW WEST INDIAN FEDERATION : A general view inside the Red House, the Legislative Council Building in Port of Spain, Trinidad, during the ceremony which Her Royal Highness attended as the Queen's special representative. Sitting on the dais on the right of Princess Margaret is the Governor-General of the Federation, Lord Hailes ; on her left is Lady Hailes.

The inauguration of the Federal Legislature in Trinidad last week is a further step to full nationhood for the ten British colonies which are now formed together as the West Indies Federation. At the spectacular ceremony in the Red House in Port of Spain, Princess Margaret acted as the special representative of the Queen, and in addition to making her own speech of inauguration read a message from Her Majesty. Princess Margaret arrived in Trinidad two days before the ceremony and received a warm welcome from the vast crowds as she drove from Piarco Airport to the home of the Governor-General, Lord Hailes. On the day of the inauguration ceremony the Princess drove in state to the Red House, and her arrival at the entrance was announced by a fanfare of trumpets. Inside the chamber she sat between Lord and Lady Hailes and faced the members of the Senate and House of Representatives. Also present were the Governors or Administrators of all the Federal Territories, as well as political representatives. The former colonies now joined in the new West Indies Federation are : Antigua ; Barbados ; Dominica ; Grenada ; Jamaica ; Montserrat ; Saint Christopher, Nevis and Anguilla ; St. Lucia ; St. Vincent ; and Trinidad and Tobago. (Further pictures from the West Indies are on pages 160–61 and 167.)

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ROYAL VISITORS AT THE ASCOT JUMPING SHOW: The Duke of Edinburgh, with Prince Charles and Princess Anne, watches the jumping on the first day of the three-day show at Ascot Racecourse. They saw thirteen Pony Club teams compete for a preliminary phase of the Mounted Games championship for the Prince Philip Cup, the finals of which take place at Harringay in October. The show was instituted by the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk.

THE FIRST BIG JUMPING SHOW OF THE SEASON: A general view a wall on Easter Son during the Virginia Water Stakes by the Duchess of Norfolk, was on a larger scale open-air show. The Aurole Stakes, the Grade A champion-

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Retrospective Legislation.—A nice thing for a Tory Chancellor to propose, and small wonder if retrospective action against that obscure business of "dividend-stripping"—in my own case a perfect example of strip-tease—should evoke enough criticism among his own side to give him second thoughts. For where might it not end? We are none of us saints, and even Mr. Bloodsucker usually has obeyed a statute of limitations and gives up probing my seven-year-old "miscalculations." I know I can be held for murder forty years after the killing, but murder is a more serious crime than even a slick attempt to save something from a wreck and keep just within the law in doing it. No, if Mr. Amory seeks to add countless millions to his Treasury, and thereby to relieve the "honest fools" among us from bearing our own *and* the wide-boy's burden, let him enlist the C.I.D., the psychoanalysts and the accountants to smell out and earmark those thousands of tax-evaders who trade in greasy notes and bank in their private wallets and never pay a tithe of the tax due from their trading profits. I smell them every time I sit as an ignorant lay justice engaged on income-tax appeals, and I sometimes think that Mr. Bloodsucker has given up in despair, so tolerantly does he accept their "figures." Suppose the Chancellor's bloodhounds could run to earth 50 per cent. of these wide-boys and lay bare their civic omissions over the past decade and impose retrospective justice, how many pennies might he be justified in taking off the tax burden of the more honest majority? Work it out in shillings, not in pence.

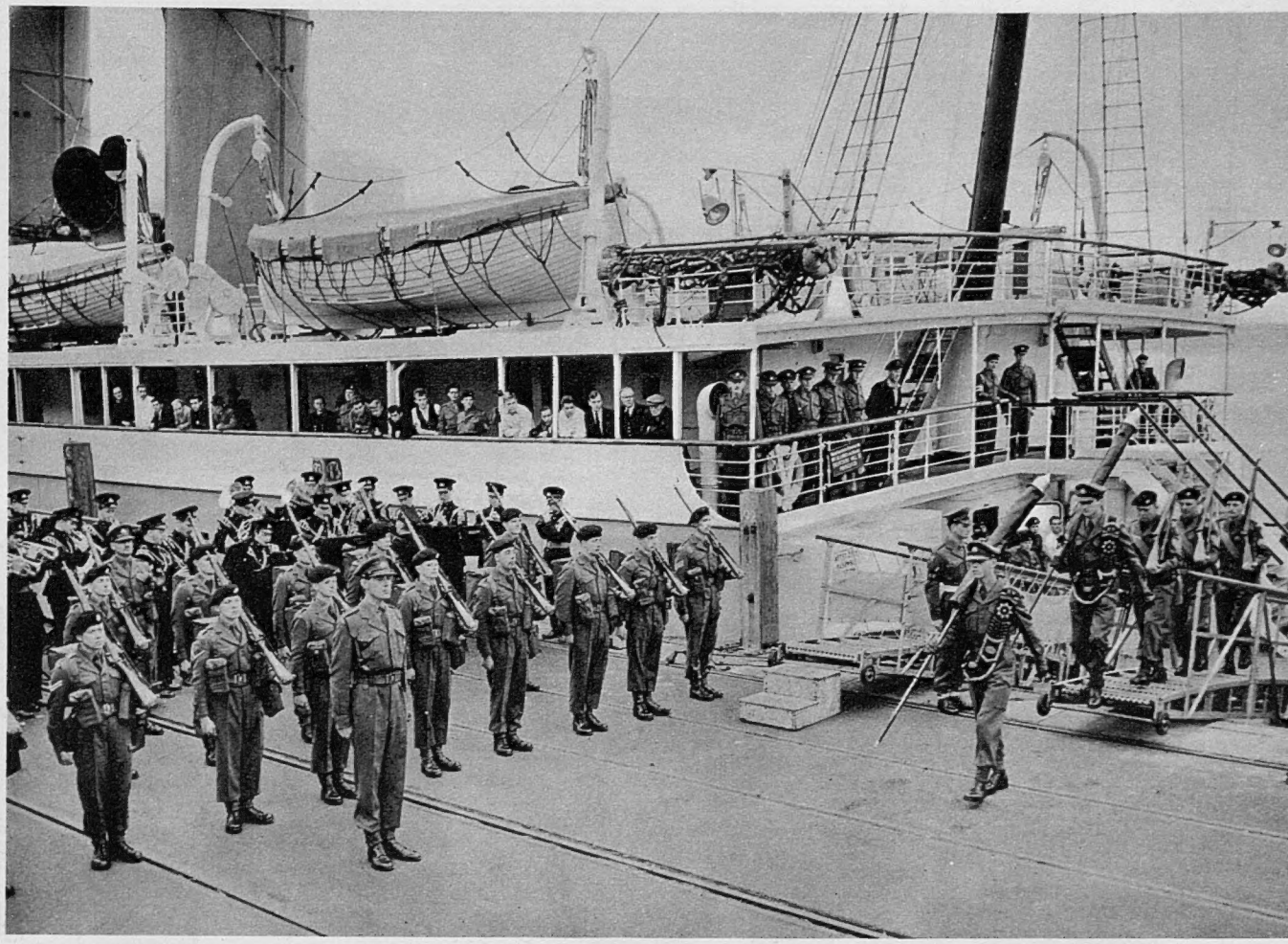
The Common Sense of the Common Man.—The "social disease" of our time, according to Mr. Henry Kerby, is mutual distrust of rulers and ruled. To that mutual distrust all the social evils of our day can be traced, including the increase in crime and juvenile delinquency. The rulers' distrust of the ruled is chiefly evidenced by a ubiquitous bureaucracy, all-pervading, snooping, tyrannical and indispensable to Ministers. Parliament is no longer the watchdog of public expenditure. The Treasury is there to "overlook no pint of blood." The Treasury does not trust the income-earner to spend and save wisely—hence the fearful burden of taxation. The liberty of the individual has vanished from Britain; he cannot add a foot length to his garage without risk of prosecution. Under the very noses of the Cabinet, the sprawling juggernaut, bureaucracy, spreads a cancer over the nation. The State itself is the fundamental cause of our *malaise*. A grave charge. Bureaucracy is a popular Aunt Sally and with some reason. I have often wasted coconuts on it and seldom with success. But I question Mr. Kerby's conclusion that the cancer would be cured if the Government showed a little more confidence in the common sense of the common man instead of treating him like a mentally undeveloped and potential criminal. For the truth is, Governments have to drive to market a very mixed lot of pigs, and, to judge by the daily headlines, I should say quite 50 per cent. of them are Gadarenes and need to be herded by a very watchful and masterful bureaucracy. What about the mentally undeveloped father who leaves his loaded gun on a nail in the kitchen for his schoolboy son to handle, or the drunks-in-charge, the fire-raisers, the tax and fare evaders, the gentry whose wallets are their banks, the lunatics who have to be rescued from mountain peaks and the sea, the amateur electricians who obtain free juice, the practical jokers, the gamblers, and so on *ad lib*. In your experience could you recommend a Government to trust the earner to spend and save wisely and to live wisely? The weakness of the modern State—and I doubt if there be a cure—is that the sane must suffer for the follies of the half-wits. The State is one and indivisible, and we cannot afford two sets of bureaucracy, one to co-operate with the sane, the other to control the mentally under-developed.

Aden Also.—The most vital of the world's waterways—to none more vital than to the Commonwealth—lies between Port Said and the Bab-el-Mandeb Straits. Looking at a 1920 political map of Africa, it came as a shock to me to note how very little of the vast splashes of pink, denoting "British Possessions," which buttressed that waterway at both ends and along the western side, would be found on a map of 1958. It could come as no surprise to those who know their Nasser that he should now dream of following up his successes at the north end with a successful coup at the south-eastern end. There is no doubt that his eye is on Aden, and his recent political successes must make that protectorate appear in his eyes as a nearly ripe plum. When the new Arab Republic sucked in the Yemen, Nasser had at his call the Yemeni forces to add to his military command, and with their aid, reinforced with arms and encouragement from the U.S.S.R., he can be encouraged to hope for early success in his efforts to stir up trouble in the Aden Colony, which is riddled with Arab nationalism and already enthrones Nasser as a liberator. When one looks back on the troubled history of our times since the death of Queen Victoria, he can clearly assess the chief causes of them: Impatient nationalism and the exorbitant ambition of dictators. "Imperialism" is the ugly charge always levied by our enemies at Britain, France, Holland, and so on. The modern imperialists have no use for the word save as a stick with which to flog Western democracies, and, indeed, their imperialism is furthered by more secret means and for less worthy aims. But it does suggest that imperialism requires a modern definition. For the dictators, ruthless expansion by any means available. For the Western democracies, an effort to halt the painting in pillar-box red of the world's face which so recently was parti-coloured with the tones of many independent nations, greatly increased in numbers in recent years under British "imperialism."

Whither, South Africa?—On the eve of the South African elections, the *Cape Times* printed a couple of articles under the title of the "Road to Serfdom," designed, no doubt, to influence the election. The result of that election may well have come as an unexpectedly painful surprise to the writer. In the first article (of April 8) it listed the Government's black record of repressive legislation, a multiplicity of acts violating the liberty of the subject between 1950 and 1957. The broad lines of this legislation are contrary to accepted ideas of the Western world—the right to the protection of the individual by the due processes of Law, the security of property and liberty, freedom from invasion of privacy and arbitrary arrest, the restriction to Parliament of the right to make laws and to define crimes, freedom of expression and religion and movement. The powers of the "Minister" personally or by his self-appointed agents, boards and tribunals accord dictatorial powers above Parliamentary control in section after section of these measures. In a second article, the writer sketched out the even and ever more drastic powers sought to enforce race separation. The Government's electoral success induced Ministerial pronouncements which have done little to reject these articles as mere pre-election propaganda. Rather they suggest that the road to serfdom will be speeded up and that South Africa's position in the Commonwealth may soon make her, if she remains in it, a unique partner in the practice of political theories which totally contradict the ideals for which the Commonwealth stands. Republic or no, if she remain in the Commonwealth and achieves her Government's designs, South Africa will be the strangest bed-fellow in that Great Bed of Ware.

A Greasy Pack of Cards.—If French politicians in the last anxious decades had loved *patrie* more than party and pursued common sense instead of party-political acumen, France might stand higher as an influence and force in Europe and in the Western alliance than she does to-day. A Coalition Government is a regrettable necessity very occasionally employed in Britain. In France it is inevitable. Half her Ministries must be filled by ex-premiers who have led short-lived Governments with policies little different from those of their predecessors. Hatred, jealousy or hysteria soon defeat each in turn, and the President's eternal task of Sisyphus

of No. 1 ring. On the right Miss Pat Smythe is clearing Event. The Ascot Jumping Show, a new fixture organised than has been seen previously in this country for an ship, was won by Mr. Ted Williams riding Pegasus.



THE FIRST REGIMENTS TO AMALGAMATE: Returning from Germany, the 1st Battalion of The East Yorkshire Regiment is played ashore at Harwich by the band of the 1st Battalion of The West Yorkshire Regiment. Later, in Dover, the East and West Yorkshire Regiments were the first to be amalgamated under the Army's reorganisation scheme. They are now known as The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment, and are part of The Yorkshire Brigade.

is to gather up the fragments under another name and to watch its inevitable relapse. M. Gaillard's fall was clearly due less to hatred of Gaillard than to hostility to Eisenhower and all his works. It was none the less a foolish and hysterical gesture, as ill-timed as futile. For those who combined—Right Wing and extreme Left—to leave France once more leaderless had nothing to offer in the place of his policy, and their shameful marriage is incapable of carrying out any alternative. The time could hardly have been more disastrously chosen, on the expected eve of the Four-Power talks in Moscow and the NATO conferences, and the fall of Gaillard not only cuts off the delicate negotiations of the Free Trade Area project, but undoes all the hopeful work of the Anglo-American negotiators on the Algerian-Tunisian question. Is it to be supposed that the next Government, whenever it is formed, will propound a totally new policy as regards Tunisia, call for French isolationism from the West, devote all France's resources to a reconquest of her Empire, and thereby pull down the slender pillars which prop up the roof of civilisation and must first crush into extinction her own polity? No. It will be the mixture as before alike in personnel and policy, both of which will smell a little sweeter under a new label for a few weeks. The Fourth Republic deserves to collapse after its last shameful decades. Frenchmen who have so long endured its political buffooneries have been too patient or too inert. The greasy pack has been shuffled too often and the aces are hard to distinguish from the knaves.

Women and the Wolfenden Report.

—Fifteen married women have now ranged themselves alongside the bunch of intellectual males in urging the Government without delay to implement the Committee's recommendation regarding homosexual acts by consenting adults. These ladies, too, are drawn from the ranks of intellectual and executive women, and they claim that "most humane and thoughtful people in this country would welcome such implementation." For my part, I have had from my youth up so profound an understanding of human frailty and of the potency of temptation that I have never (save as regards a very few crimes and misdemeanours) been able to read of detected human frailty without murmuring: "There but for the grace of God . . ." Some men and women are lucky to be spared certain temptations and should be able to pity those who are not, in the assessment of the strength of their own particular temptations. That said, I can do no more than question the premise of these fifteen women that the time for action on the Report has come. For such a reform, it must first be shown that "most humane and thoughtful people" in Britain *do* so believe to-day, and that fact is very hard to ascertain or prove in a few months. Thereafter, it must surely be proved that humane and thoughtful people represent a very substantial proportion of our nation. And finally there is the question of priorities in legislation. It does not seem to me that a delay of even two years is overlong for an attempt to ascertain public opinion on so highly controversial and significant a reform at a time when moral standards are notoriously loosened and so much legislative work of more immediate importance faces Parliament and the Government. But to take an uncompromising stand on moral principles alone and to plump for leaving well (or ill) alone will never resolve the issue to majority satisfaction.

Juvenile Prowess.

—Juvenile delinquency is a depressing problem; juvenile prowess a cheerful puzzle. When I read that at the White City the other day a sixteen-year-old boy threw a 12-lb. hammer 192½ ft. and another sixteen-year-old boy cleared 6 ft. 2½ ins. in the high jump, I rubbed my eyes. In my youth I had some proficiency in jumping, and to the best of my recollection jumps of 5 ft. high and 19 ft. long were considered pretty good for sixteen-year-olds at public schools, and I think I was seventeen before I achieved 19 ft. 6 ins. in school sports. Even in the 'Varsity sports in those distant days, a high jump of 5 ft. 9 ins. was usually good enough to win and 21 ft. 6 ins. was reckoned adequate for the long jump for youths of twenty years old. But to-day, it seems, boys in their middle teens can achieve well over 6 ft. and 22 ft., and can do the 100 yards in practically level time. Nobody has ever given me a satisfactory explanation of the extraordinary rise in athletic records since the turn of the century. So far as I know, the conditions of tracks and of clothing are the same, and those out for records, then as now, had the same opportunities to train and diet themselves. C. B. Fry, it is true, in my youth created a long-jump record well in advance of anything then known, but it was soon beaten by 2 ft., and nowadays jump potentials of 6 ft. and 23 ft. are regarded as mere qualifications for competing in major events. There were, then as now, strong boys, hefty boys and super-agile boys who won the cups, but their achievements did not compare with present-day records. Unfortunately we do not know the times and conditions which prevailed in the original Olympic Games. I wonder whether the present constant breaking of records must be credited to the Welfare State and the stimulus of intense publicity.

The Prince Without the Hamlet.

—B. R. Haydon, the painter, executed after Waterloo an 11-ft. painting of the Duke of Wellington musing on the field of battle. No doubt, it is not a masterpiece of art, but the details painted into the canvas were most carefully verified on the field and have always been regarded as of historical interest. This big canvas has long been kept in a Liverpool Corporation coach-house store because it has been deemed too large and unsuitable for display in any of the public buildings. It belongs apparently to the College. The City Art Director suggests that the best solution would be to cut down the canvas to "just the Duke and his horse" and scrap the rest. I sincerely hope his advice will not be taken. There are plenty of presentments of the Duke mounted or on foot. There are not so many—though there are several—paintings and plans of the battlefield during and after the battle, and there are certainly not too many. If neither Apsley House nor the U.S. Museum are interested in taking and displaying Haydon's canvas, I could offer a score of other suggestions for willing takers or even buyers, though the canvas is damaged. In this case the hamlet of Mont St. Jean, Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte, are more interesting than the Prince of Waterloo. These facts are painfully elicited from a letter to *The Times* of April 23 by Mr. Hugh Scrutton, which caught the typesetter and reader nodding rarely.

THE OLD STAGER

A SPACE-MINDED NUN: Mother Marie Kernaghan, Professor of Physics at the Maryville College of the Sacred Heart, in St. Louis, U.S.A., lectures to the school on man-made satellites. In her right hand she holds a model of the Vanguard satellite and in her left a model of the Vanguard rocket. This tiny 6.4-in. satellite of the U.S. Navy is still in orbit.

INSIDE THE RED HOUSE: Guests curtsy as the Princess walks to her chair for the inauguration ceremony. Later, the Princess went out on to the balcony of the building.

A DAY OF SPLENDOUR IN PORT OF SPAIN: Princess Margaret attends a State dinner at the home of the Governor-General and Lady Hailes in Trinidad. The dinner formed part of the celebrations in connection with the inauguration of the new Federal Legislature at the Red House earlier in the day.

ROYAL DAYS IN TRINIDAD

A Round of Engagements for Princess Margaret

On right—

A COMMONWEALTH OCCASION: Princess Margaret meets the representatives of Commonwealth countries who attended the inauguration ceremonies. They are seen together during a luncheon in Port of Spain. From the left are: Yebora Asari, Ghana Minister of Communications and Works; Sir Grantley Adams, Prime Minister of the Federation of the West Indies; Mr. John Profumo, British Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies; Mr. F. A. Townley, Australian Minister for Supply and Defence Production; Lord Hailes; the Princess; Mr. Gordon Churchill, Canadian Minister of Trade and Commerce; Mrs. Ellen Fairclough, Canadian Secretary of State; Mr. W. B. Van Lear, Justice of Appeal in Ghana; Mr. Sidney Smith, Canadian Secretary of State for External Affairs; Dr. N. V. Rajkumar, Indian Commissioner in Trinidad; Mr. D. Vosper, leader of the United Kingdom Parliamentary delegation, and Mr. W. R. Crocker, Australian High Commissioner in Canada. Princess Margaret also met the members of the Press.

THE WEST INDIES FESTIVAL OF ARTS: The Princess is accompanied by a performer as she arrives for the opening of the Festival in Port of Spain. Earlier in the day Princess Margaret had visited a sugar factory and attended a sports meeting at Guaracara Park.

FFICIAL CEREMONIES IN PORT OF SPAIN: *Left*—The Princess smiles as she lays the foundation-stone of the new City Hall in Woodford Square. During the ceremony a corrugated iron roof in the vicinity collapsed under the weight of a group of spectators. There were no serious injuries. *Right*—An informal moment in the Royal Botanical Gardens. Princess Margaret sits between Sir Grantley Adams (left), the Federal Prime Minister, and Lord Hailes during the opening ceremony of the West Indies Festival of Arts.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

MR. MIKOYAN IN BONN: The Deputy Prime Minister of the Soviet Union mops his brow as he holds a glass at a reception given for him by Herr von Brentano (third from right, wearing spectacles), the West German Foreign Minister. Mr. Smirnov, Soviet Ambassador in Bonn, is on Mr. Mikoyan's right. The visit—the first made by a Soviet leader to West Germany—started unhappily at Frankfurt Airport, when newspaper correspondents and photographers were involved in scenes with the police, who no doubt acted violently in fear of anti-Communist demonstrations. In Bonn Mr. Mikoyan made it clear that Russia would not at present allow German reunification to be put on the agenda for a Summit Conference. Altogether there was little to cheer the West German public in the opening days of the visit.

DR. ADENAUER WITH HIS GUEST: The West German Chancellor and Mr. Mikoyan appear cheerful as they pose for pictures. But it was known that in the talks there had been little agreement on Soviet-West German relations.

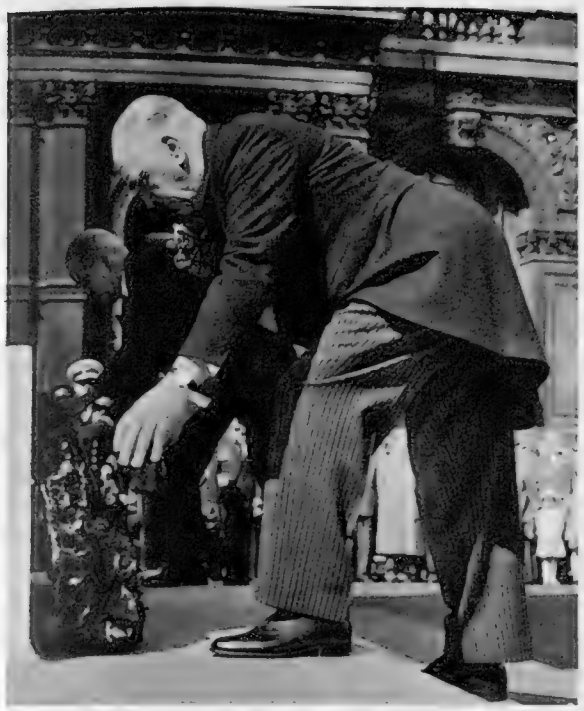
On right—

A POSITIVE ACHIEVEMENT: Mr. Mikoyan and Herr von Brentano shake hands after signing a Trade Agreement. This was one of the few positive results of the Russian's visit.

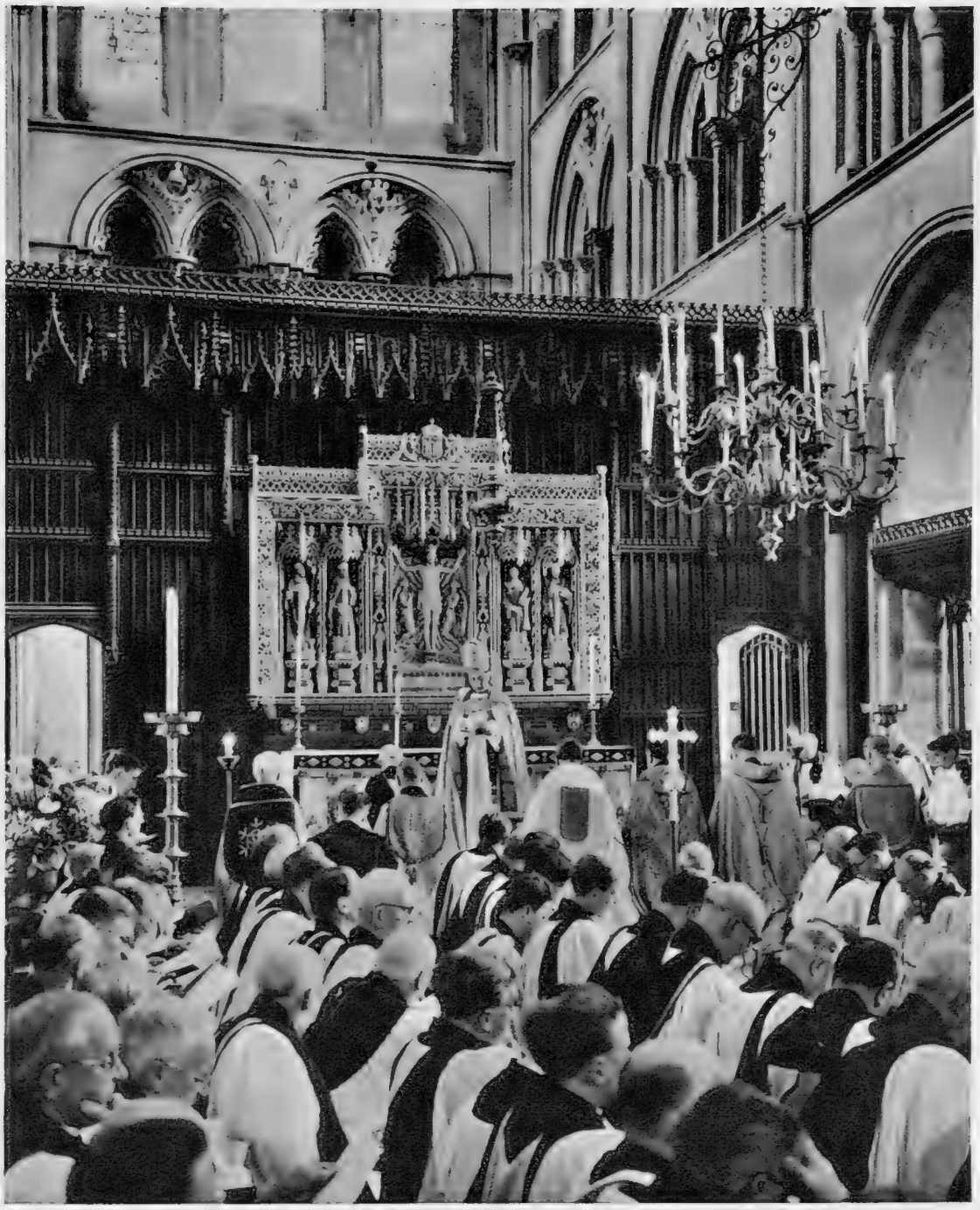
FOR OUTSTANDING SERVICE TO HUMANITY: With Lady Nuffield at his side, Lord Nuffield displays the Golden Heart awarded to him by the Variety Clubs' International. It was presented to him by the Duke of Edinburgh, who is a life member of the charitable organisation, at a ceremony in London last week. The award, the organisation's highest honour, is given to the person who is thought to have rendered the most outstanding service to humanity during the year.

BANNERS AT A MEETING OF THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE: Branch banners are carried through the crowded auditorium at the Royal Albert Hall prior to an address by the Prime Minister which was heard by about 4,000 members of the League. In it, Mr. Macmillan outlined the ways in which the Government would meet any change in the economic climate arising from a world depression. Lady Dorothy Macmillan presented the cup given annually to the person gaining most recruits to the League. This was awarded to Sir Alfred Bossom, Conservative M.P. for Maidstone.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



ANZAC DAY CEREMONY AT THE CENOTAPH: Sir Eric Harrison, the High Commissioner for Australia, and Mr. C. F. Skinner (behind), the Deputy Prime Minister of New Zealand, place their wreaths on the Cenotaph in Whitehall. Admiral of the Fleet Lord Mountbatten of Burma also placed a wreath in the ceremony commemorating Anzac Day.



A NEW TRADE PACT WITH JAPAN: Mr. T. Nakagawa (on left), the Japanese Chargé d'Affaires, and Commander Noble, the British Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, exchange copies of the agreement at the Foreign Office. The pact covers trade arrangements up to March 31, 1959. Most of the quotas covering imports into both countries are unaltered. The main change is that Britain gets more canned salmon.

THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE NEW BISHOP OF CHICHESTER: The Right Rev. Roger Plumpton Wilson stands at the High Altar of Chichester Cathedral during his enthronement ceremony. Clergy of the Cathedral and Diocese kneel before him for the Blessing. He has been translated from Wakefield to succeed Dr. George Bell, who resigned a short time ago at the age of seventy-four, after having served at Chichester since 1929. Dr. Wilson is the ninety-eighth Bishop of the diocese. The enthronement ceremony took place on the Feast day of St. Mark, the ninth anniversary of Dr. Wilson's consecration as Bishop in York Minster. He was enthroned by the Archdeacon of Canterbury, the Venerable Alexander Sargent, after the traditional reception at the West Door of the Cathedral.

THE ANNUAL TYBURN MARCH BY ROMAN CATHOLIC PILGRIMS: Part of the procession of Roman Catholic pilgrims who walked in silent procession last Sunday from the site of the Newgate Prison, in the City of London, to Marble Arch, stops at Ely Place to say prayers. More than 1,000 pilgrims took part in the walk, which was led by the Benedictine Abbot of Ealing Abbey, the Right Rev. C. R. Hall. The walk followed much of the route taken on the way to Tyburn by the English Roman Catholics who were executed there in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. At Marble Arch, Pontifical Benediction was given by Dr. Godfrey, the Archbishop of Westminster.

"SCEPTRE" LEAVES THE CLYDE FOR THE SOLENT: On board the British challenger for the America's Cup, which is now nearing the end of her passage south to the Solent, are, from left to right: Commander S. Brooks (standing), technical adviser to the Royal Yacht Squadron syndicate financing the vessel; Mr. H. Thom, a veteran Clyde yachtsman, and Mr. D. Boyd, the yacht's designer. At Southampton the *Sceptre* will take part in trials against *Evaine*, Mr. Owen Aisher's yacht.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

STOPPING THE ARMS SUPPLY FOR CYPRUS TERRORISTS: *Left*—A long line of vehicles is halted by a road outside Famagusta while British troops carry out an exhaustive search for hidden arms. *Right*—The interior of the Hereon cinema in Famagusta has been shattered by an explosion which was caused not by Eoka, but by Government explosive experts. A store of bombs had been found in the projection room. The experts considered the bombs too dangerous to move and so blew them up where they lay.

The search for terrorist arms dumps and precautions to prevent the transport of Eoka bombs, ammunition and weapons have recently been intensified. During the past weeks there has been a marked increase in terrorist activity, especially in the planting of time bombs. As a result, the Government announced in the middle of last month that equipment on development projects in isolated areas would be withdrawn to places in the island where it could be better protected from sabotage or terrorist attacks.

On right—

EXPLORING THE NORTHERN SKY: Leaving a trail of white-hot fire behind it, a Nike-Cajun rocket roars into outer space from a launching site at Fort Churchill, Manitoba, Northern Canada. The scientist standing on the right is about to release a balloon which indicates the weather conditions, in particular the direction of the wind, a few seconds after launching. Within a few minutes of the rocket being released, the delicate and minute instruments secured inside were transmitting to a radio operator on the ground information about the stratosphere over the Arctic Circle. In addition to the Nike-Cajun rocket used by the American International Geophysical Year team at Fort Churchill, is the Aerobee research rocket, which necessitates the use of a 140-ft. launching tower, one of which is on the left. These rockets can reach heights of 123 miles.

A LANDSLIDE BLOCKS LAKE GARDA ROAD: A mass of earth which swept down a hillside blocking the road along the shores of Lake Garda, in Northern Italy, caused considerable disruption to traffic at the village of Maderno, in the background. Over a recent period of ten days, incessant rain caused great anxiety. Floods were reported from all parts of the country and the rising waters of the rivers were feared to mean an even more serious threat.

DEMOLITION IN BERLIN: Explosive charges bring the main entrance of the old Lehrter Railway Station crashing to the ground in West Berlin. The terminus, which was severely damaged during the war, is now being entirely demolished.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

DEMOLISHING ONE OF LONDON'S LARGEST THEATRES: *Left*—**From the dress circle, the camera looks down on to the stage of the Stoll theatre which occupies a large site near the bottom of Kingsway. A section of the stage floor has been removed by workmen to reveal a large cavity. On the right of the picture steel posts are all that remain of the boxes.** *Right*—**A view of the demolished auditorium as it is seen from the stage.** The London County Council have approved a scheme for the erection of a block of offices and showrooms on the site. The scheme also incorporates the building of another theatre. The Stoll, which was one of London's largest theatres, was built by Oscar Hammerstein and opened as the London Opera House in 1911. After the First World War it was converted by Sir Oswald Stoll into a cinema. During the Second World War it staged variety and concerts and, from 1946, ice entertainments and stage shows.

***On left*—**
THE FIRST SESSION OF THE NEW L.C.C.: In the Council Chamber of the London County Council at County Hall, Mr. A. E. Samuels is presiding after his election as Chairman. Sitting on his right is Mrs. Eleanor Goodrich (Labour), who had been elected Vice-Chairman. Lady Petrie (Conservative) was elected Deputy Chairman. She is seen sitting at the end of the right-hand row of benches, next to Lady Pepler who is standing and proposing her nomination to office. On the left-hand side of the dais, Mr. Herbert Morrison is in the front row, next to the empty chairs. He was the leader of the Labour Party in its first L.C.C. victory in 1934. It has maintained control throughout the ensuing twenty-four years. The new Council is Labour's greatest triumph to date. The Socialists were returned with a majority of 76 at the recent elections.

MARSHAL TITO RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT OF YUGOSLAVIA: He stands with hands clasped as members of the recently-elected Constituent Assembly acclaim him in Belgrade. In left foreground is Mr. Edvard Kardelj and in right foreground Mr. Aleksandar Rankovic. Both continue in office as Vice-Presidents. With President Tito, they were the leading speakers at the congress of the Union of Yugoslav Communists in Ljubljana last week. As a mark of disapproval of Tito's "deviationism," Russia, China and the European Communist satellite states refused to send fraternal delegations. The entire tone of the Congress was anti-Khrushchev. When, amid scenes of great enthusiasm, Mr. Rankovic attacked the Russian Communist Party Secretary, the Soviet and Satellite Ambassadors who were attending the session walked out.

RE-ENACTING THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN: Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding (centre, upper row) occupies his old chair in the gallery of the underground operations room of No. 11 Group, R.A.F. Fighter Command, Uxbridge. This was the controlling centre for Fighter Command during the Battle of Britain. The room had been reconstructed as it was eighteen years ago for Lord Dowding's visit last week to unveil a memorial plaque above the site. From 1936 to 1940 he was Commander-in-Chief of Fighter Command. During the Battle of Britain, the fighter squadrons, mainly controlled from Uxbridge, shot down over 1,300 enemy aircraft. In Sir Winston Churchill's words "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."

THE R.A.F. IN MALAYA

Helicopters and Transport Aircraft in the Fight Against Terrorists

Helicopters and transport aircraft are extensively used in Malaya to carry troops and supplies to outlying posts in the jungle, from which the Malayan police and military forces stationed in the Federation carry out their patrols. Since the Federation of Malaya became an independent country within the British Commonwealth in 1957, terrorism has been on the decrease. But it is still necessary to patrol the jungle to contain the remaining terrorists, inspired by the Communists, and to prevent further outbreaks.

The Air Ministry state that the squadrons at present employed in Malaya of the R.A.F. and the Royal New Zealand Air Force are being retained there indefinitely. These squadrons are mainly composed of helicopters and transports, either Valettas or Bristol Freighters, but there are also a number of fighter aircraft. The R.A.F. group is stationed at Kuala Lumpur.

These aircraft operate under difficult conditions. It is necessary to fly low in turbulent air conditions or in cloud to enter valleys surrounded by mountains in order to parachute supplies of food and equipment to ground troops. Small clearings in many instances have had to be blasted out of the rocky jungle-covered country. Even so, the Prestwick Pioneers of the Supply Force have to land in very short distances, and helicopters are extensively used.

During the debate on the Malayan Independence Bill it was stated that the Federation would receive about £20,000,000 during the period up to 1961 to assist in bringing the terrorism to an end.

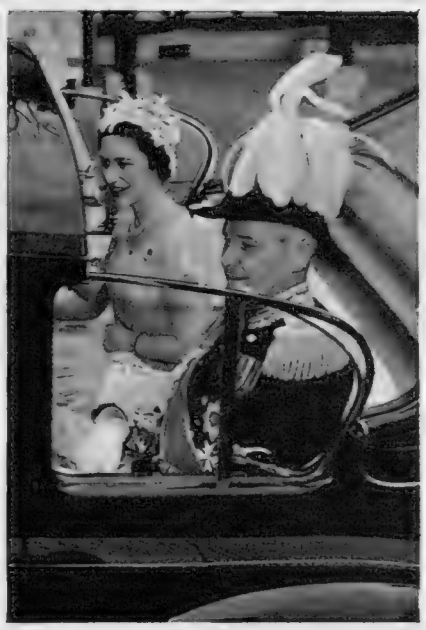
DROPPING SUPPLIES: A Valetta of the R.A.F. Group in Malaya flies low over the jungle to drop supplies of food and other stores. The troops and police engaged against the terrorists patrol deep into the jungle.

LANDING IN A SMALL CLEARING: Single-engined Westland Whirlwinds come in to land. The clearings and outposts have often to be constructed by dynamiting trees and rocks. *On the left*—A typical jungle clearing.

CARRYING TROOPS: Soldiers carrying baggage and stores leave their helicopter which has ferried them to an outpost. The use of such aircraft enables patrols to be maintained far from base. *On left*—A Bristol Sycamore helicopter just clears the treetops, watched by ground troops, as it lands under difficult conditions.

THE PRINCESS IN THE WEST INDIES

Princess Margaret's visit to the West Indies is her second within three years. On this occasion she is representing the Queen at the ceremonies connected with the inauguration of the West Indies Federation which is composed of ten British Colonies. The first few days were spent in Trinidad, where her Royal Highness opened the first Parliament of the Federation. Later, she had arranged to go to Tobago and then on to British Guiana and finally, by way of Jamaica, to British Honduras. The Princess's visit to British Honduras is the first by a member of the Royal Family. On her return journey to England she will make brief calls at Nassau (Bahamas) and in Newfoundland.



THE ROYAL ARRIVAL IN TRINIDAD : Princess Margaret is welcomed at Piarco Airport, near Port of Spain, by Lord Hailes, Governor-General of the West Indies Federation. Her Royal Highness had travelled from London in a B.O.A.C. Britannia to represent the Queen at the inauguration ceremonies of the West Indies Federation. In Port of Spain the Princess opened the Federal legislature.

On right—

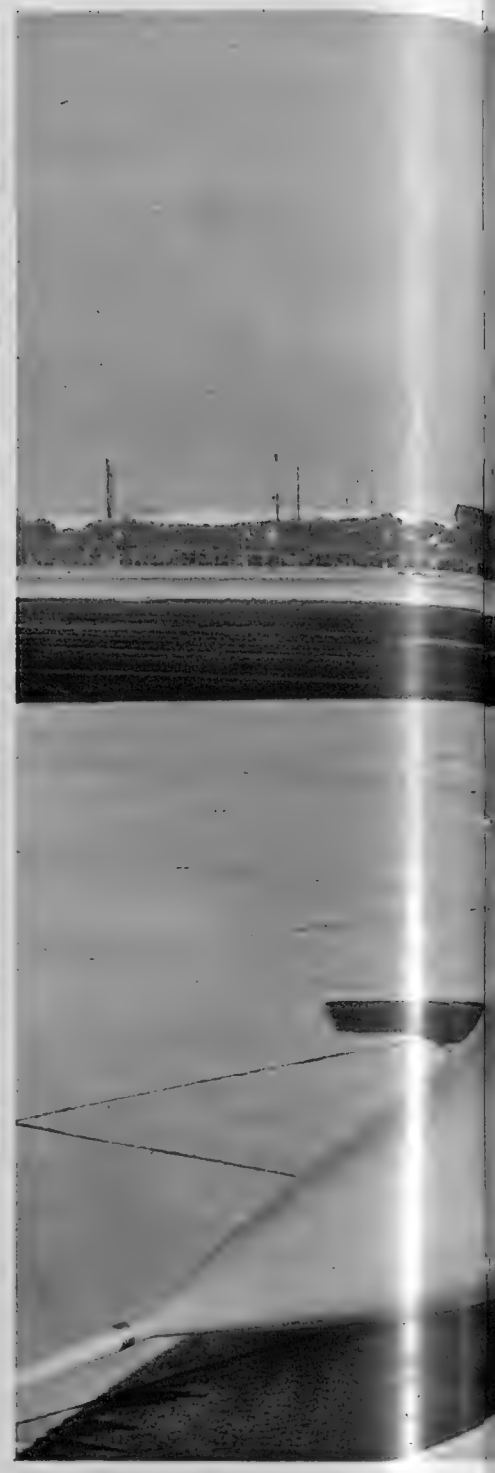
THE STATE DRIVE : Princess Margaret, accompanied by Lord Hailes, acknowledges the welcome of the crowd as she drives to the home of the Governor-General.

THE WELCOMING CEREMONY AT THE AIRPORT : The Princess stands between Lord Hailes (left) and Sir Edward Beetham, Governor of Trinidad and Tobago. Standing next to Lord Hailes is Sir Grantley Adams, the Federal Prime Minister. *On left*—Princess Margaret inspects the guard of honour.

A NEW METHOD OF AIRCRAFT ARMAMENT: A pod carrying a double-barrelled 20-mm. automatic cannon is suspended beneath the wing of a Douglas A-4D Skyhawk of the American Navy at El Centro, in California. The pod can be attached or detached from the aircraft in a minimum amount of time and can be jettisoned during flight. It was shown for the first time at a demonstration of Naval Air Weapons. Developed by the U.S. Navy Bureau of Ordnance and the Aircraft Division of Hughes Tool Co., the automatic cannon has been designated Mark II and delivers eight times the firepower of its counterparts in the last world war. The A-4D Skyhawk is a single-seater lightweight attack bomber, designed to operate from all sizes of aircraft-carriers and from short landing fields. Powered by a Wright J65 turbo-jet it is capable of carrying atom-bombs or rockets and entered into service with the U.S. Atlantic and Pacific Fleets in 1956.

SPEED AND SAFETY

New Military and Civil Aircraft; And Experimental Devices



INSPECTING THE VANGUARD: A delegation from the Polish state-owned airline L.O.T. inspects the 122-ft. fuselage of the first Vickers Vanguard turbo-prop airliner, which is nearing completion in the aviation works of Vickers-Armstrongs (Aircraft) Ltd., at Weybridge, in Surrey. The L.O.T. airline is considering placing an order for several of the aircraft. If the order materialises, it will be the first obtained by a British aircraft company from a country behind the Iron Curtain. One of the important features of the Vanguard is its "double-bubble" fuselage design. This provides accommodation for 76 to 117 passengers on the upper deck and unusually generous stowage for freight in the two lower-deck cargo compartments. First deliveries are due in the Spring of 1960.

INTRODUCING THE SUPER-WAYFARER: As a result of the development of their passenger services, Silver City Airways are to introduce the first all-passenger version of the Bristol 170 Mk. 32 Superfreighter car ferry transport. The new airliners, which provide accommodation for up to sixty people, are to be known as Super-Wayfarers. They will be used mainly to provide the Ferryfield-Le Touquet air link in Silver City's coach-air-rail service between London and Paris, starting later this month. Silver City all-passenger operations are now expanding to such an extent that it is estimated that some 250,000 people will be carried this year in addition to nearly 200,000 more on car ferry flights.

AN ALL-WEATHER JET INTERCEPTOR: Undergoing ground tests, the Convair F-106B stands on the tarmac at San Diego, in California. It made a supersonic maiden flight at Edwards Air Force Base, near San Diego, recently. A two-seater version of the F-106A Delta Dart, it has a distinctive elongated nose which is fabricated separately at the Fort Worth (Texas) plant of the Convair Division of General Dynamics Corporation. The nose portions are then shipped to San Diego to be "mated" with the rest of the aircraft. Both the single- and two-seater versions are delta-winged supersonic all-weather interceptors developed from the F-102 Delta Dagger. Formerly designated F-102B, it was renamed because of structural changes and the use of the more powerful Pratt and Whitney J75 turbojet with after burner. The fin has been redesigned to a square tip shape and the air intakes for the engine have been moved further aft on the fuselage. It has been stated that the F-106A carries the most advanced armament and fire control system yet developed for an interceptor aircraft. The standard armament is reported to be two Douglas MB-1 Genie air-to-air missiles with nuclear warheads plus a number of Hughes Falcon missiles. Designed for high speed interception these aircraft are developments of an experimental version first planned in 1951.

SAFETY PRECAUTIONS TO BE TESTED BY A FULL-SCALE REPLICA OF A NEW BRITISH AIRCRAFT: A wing is attached to a replica of the Vickers Supermarine Scimitar, the fighter-bomber which is to go into service with the Fleet Air Arm next month. The model is being built in a factory in Cardiff, in South Wales, and will be sent to the Ministry of Supply's chief testing station at Bedford. There it will be catapulted at varying high speeds to test safety barriers which prevent aircraft running off the flight-decks of carriers or over the limits of land runways. *On right*—Another view of this mock-up which should help to make flying more safe. The Scimitar will be the Royal Navy's first swept-wing aircraft.

World Affairs

HOPEFUL VISITOR TO MOSCOW

By JOHN CONNELL

THE leaders of authoritarian regimes seldom go abroad. When they do, it is an occasion of some consequence. The world-wide interest in, and anxiety about, President Nasser's visit to Moscow are a measure of what this man has achieved in six years. He is to the Egyptians, and to large sections of the populations of a number of other Arab countries, what Hitler was to the Germans, in and out of the Reich, during the 1930's. He embodies and symbolises their emergence from, as they conceive, defeat, oppression and occupation.

He and the small group of his brother-officers of junior rank and inferior social status, by whom he has been surrounded since the beginning of his career, are the products of a genuine national revolution. They came to power on the tide of neurotic disillusionment which swept over all the Arab countries after their crushing defeat in the Arab-Israel War of 1948. The real meaning of that defeat has never been brought home to them; its memory has festered in a surrounding scab of untruthful explanations. But it sufficed to bring to its final ruin the corrupt and rickety monarchy which had, in name at any rate, ruled Egypt for thirty years.

Nasser began as a zealous if inexperienced reformer—of the angry, emotional, rabble-rousing, Hitlerian kind, whose oratory sage and liberal-minded persons are apt to dismiss as vulgar froth, until one day the words turn to deeds, and sagacity and liberal sentiments are for the dark and the prison-camp. Nasser, like Hitler, set it all down in a book—a tiresome, windy affair, the book of an uneducated demagogue. But, like Hitler in the 1930's, Nasser has accomplished in a remarkably short time not a few of those ambitions which at the outset seemed outrageous and utterly unattainable.

In aspiration and in fulfilment his similarity to Hitler is striking. He himself owes much to Nazi influence and advice. Like many other Egyptians—Iraqis and Syrians, too, for that matter—of his generation, Nasser has never felt any of the horror and revulsion against the Third Reich which Europeans experienced. He and his contemporaries have always rather admired the Nazis, their philosophy and their achievements. Of course they ignore, or explain away, the end of Hitler's story, because their capacity for self-deception is considerable. Nasser's apologists—the men with the glistening eyes and the fat, damp hands who argue so strenuously in hotel lobbies in Beirut, Lausanne, Paris and even London—claim that his regime is not Communist. I agree: it is National Socialist.

Nasser himself possesses one important quality which Hitler never had: he can transmute military defeat into political and diplomatic victory. His capacity as a soldier is as low as that of any of his fellow-countrymen; as an opportunist politician he ranks pretty high. A dictator less cunning and less dangerous would have been toppled over by the events of November 1956. It may be argued that the Anglo-French intervention saved him (though that, goodness knows, was not the intention) and that if the victorious Israeli Army had crossed the Canal, General Dayan would have been in Cairo in another four days. This I believe myself. But even so, Nasser's defeat was on a scale which could not be concealed, though awareness of what happened in Sinai was swiftly swamped in a sense of outrage and martyrdom at the Anglo-French bombing attacks and Suez landing.

The result is that the Arabs are more thoroughly scared of Israel than they have ever been. The fear that Israel will seek vast territorial aggrandisement at Arab expense, though ludicrously untrue in fact, is perfectly, if hysterically, sincere. But they are convinced that they have the West, and especially Britain, on the run.

It is for this reason that Nasser's visit to Moscow is of importance. It marks the opening of a new phase in Soviet infiltration into the Middle East, and the steady and remorseless expulsion of Western influence and Western interest. This does not imply, however, that Nasser's aims and Russia's aims in the region are completely congruent. The Russians are determined to exploit Nasser as much as they can; Nasser, perfectly aware of deep and continuous differences on the Middle East between Britain and the United States, hopes to keep (for the time being) in the good graces both of the Kremlin and of Washington, because he urgently needs as much as he can get out of both.

HITLER AND HIS MODERN MANIFESTATION IN THE ARAB WORLD: *Left*—The picture of the German Leader was taken during a speech he made to the Reichstag, in Berlin, in 1937. *On right*—Colonel Nasser speaks in Cairo. Between these two "angry, emotional rabble-rousers," John Connell points out, there are many similarities.

The destined loser in a complicated and unsavoury deal is Britain. We are likely to get as little real help and backing over the sorry remnant of what was once our hegemony in the Middle East as France has had—from ourselves and the United States—over Algeria. The combination of the sin of colonialism and the prospect of doing a big, packaged oil deal offers certain strains which the Atlantic Alliance is not strong enough to bear.

The planning and preparations for the exercise—whose object is to get Britain out of Aden and the Aden Protectorate—have been skilful and wily. There were, to begin with, the careful and extremely disingenuous approaches about a possible settlement of the issues of "compensation" for Suez, and about a new large loan to Egypt from the World Bank, accompanied by a salvo of optimistic rumours from Cairo. There was King Saud letting it be known, both through the Press and through confidentially indiscreet private emissaries, that provided he is given all he wants in the matter of the Buraimi Oasis (which means all that his American backers want) he may be willing to come to terms with Britain.

And there were the obvious beginnings of real pressure on Aden. The first bomb in a waterside café has injured two British naval ratings. The authorities in the Yemen—it has to be remembered that the Yemen is now technically part of the United Arab Republic—have been busily uncovering more and more British imperialist plots against their sovereignty. The Sultan of Lahej, one of the most important sheikhs in the Protectorate, has along with a whole clan of his advisers been suborned from his sworn friendship with Britain. Step by step the attack has been mounted. We are witnessing a considerable combined effort to make Britain's position in Aden untenable.

Aden is our last foothold on the mainland of Asia, our last possible guarantee of unimpeded access to the oil which is essential to our economy. Not all the giant tankers that Mr. Onassis, Mr. Niarchos and others so amiably put at our disposal can safeguard our oil, once we leave Aden. Aden is of vital importance; but so, in the years of abdication and retreat, has been one stronghold after another which we have abandoned. Need we be angry, or even surprised, that the Soviet Union is supplying all manner of military equipment—including a large helicopter in which a couple of British Labour M.P.s took a joyride in the Easter recess—to the Yemen?

It is a disagreeable and dangerous situation. The chances to injure and humiliate Britain—to skin our noses and damage our badly battered prestige a little more—are manifold. I have a shivery feeling in my bones that we shall yield. We have yielded too often before. The sour taste of shame and retreat is very familiar in our mouths.

The possibilities of Nasser's Moscow journey do not end there. There is an even more perilous contingency which has been frequently canvassed both in private speculation and openly in the newspapers. It is that, as the *bonne bouche* of Nasser's visit, the Soviet Union will announce its full support of the Arab suggestion that Israel should be compelled to return to the frontiers laid down for her under the 1947 United Nations resolution on Palestine. Such a statement would cause an immediate diplomatic *furore*, but that is the least it can do. It bears no relation to the military and political facts of the past ten years. But this would no more dissuade the Russians from backing it, if they thought this course to be to their advantage, than it has stopped the Arabs from propounding it. The Arabs themselves tore the 1947 Resolution up, in the most effective fashion possible, by invading Palestine in the spring of 1948, with the proclaimed intention of driving the Jews into the sea. Since then they have striven, by every means they can, to do what Nasser has done so successfully in his quarrel with Britain and France, to convert military defeat into political victory. They believe that they have the chance to bring it off now, with Russian support.

This is a lamentable misjudgment, which might prove catastrophic. For, let there be no mistake about it, Israel will not yield, however gross the pressure. It is a matter to Israel not merely of her borders, but of her very life as a nation. Here lies the continuing mischief of Sir Anthony Eden's unfortunate Guildhall speech, with its suggestion of a revision of frontiers, and of Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's recent misguided repetition of it. It shows that the British attitude on this issue—one of frigid and stubborn irresolution—remains unchanged. Our sins, whether of omission or commission, have a way of finding us out.

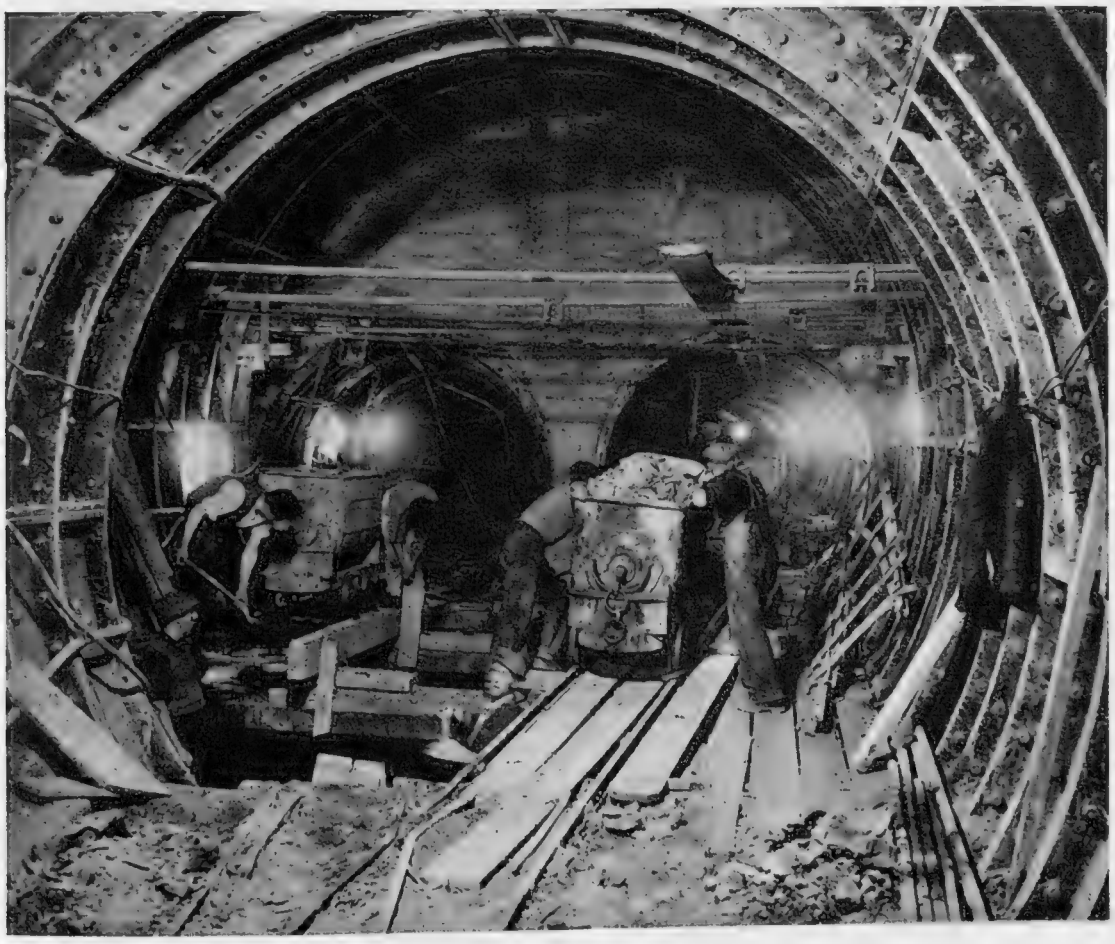
Russia has a purpose and a policy in the Middle East. We by abandoning our responsibilities gave Russia the chance to fulfil that purpose. The Suez Canal Zone was the Western Powers' bastion in the Middle East. Less than four years after we formally agreed to its evacuation—an act of appeasement just as staggering as Munich, and just as fatal in its consequences—Egypt is, to all intents and purposes, a major Russian outpost within what was once our perimeter, and, flanked by Syria and the Yemen, it is being built up into an advance base of incalculable significance. All this was foreseeable, but the warnings were consistently disregarded. Now in early 1958 our tenure of Aden is in grave jeopardy, and our enemies are persuaded that our final withdrawal from Asia cannot be long postponed.

Nor is this the end of foreseeable calamity. Nasser's usefulness to Moscow does not expire when the British quit Asia. Before eager eyes there loom the even vaster prizes of Africa. It has been Egypt's lot for centuries to be the bridge linking Asia and Africa. During some of those centuries the Egyptians, whether under the rule of the Caliphate or of the janissaries, extracted great profit from being the keepers of the bridge. As the Ottoman Empire slipped into sloth and the civilisation of Western Europe—our civilisation—moved into its great epoch of expansion, the overlordship of the bridge passed into European hands. When an Egyptian mob shattered the statue of de Lesseps, they proclaimed in the clearest terms a change of ownership. The bridge is now open, and some very strange new legions are tramping across it. It is a long, long way from Moscow to Timbuctoo—or to the Rand, or to the mineral deposits of the Congo—but there are men on the march, and they are our enemies.

BLACKWALL TUNNEL

Work Starts on a £9,000,000 Improvement Scheme

WORK BEGINS ON IMPROVEMENTS TO BLACKWALL TUNNEL: The scene at the northern approach to the Blackwall Tunnel during the inaugural ceremony of the L.C.C.'s improvement scheme. Work began on the first phase when Mr. Nugent, Joint Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Transport, pressed a button on the site.



THE MINISTER DRIVES A BULLDOZER: Mr. Nugent sits at the controls of a bulldozer on the Blackwall Tunnel approach site near East India Dock Road. The work is being carried out in two major phases. The first phase involves a new approach to the northern end of the tunnel with a half-clover-leaf junction for traffic from all directions. It will provide uninterrupted passage for traffic bound for the river or passing it by. It includes an underpass beneath the East India Dock Road which will allow traffic to enter the tunnel without crossing the busy thoroughfare. The second stage includes a new tunnel running parallel to the original, which has a carriageway of only 16 ft. with several sharp bends. Eventually, there will be one-way traffic in each tunnel. The Blackwall Tunnel, which is 1¼ miles in length, runs under the Thames from Blackwall, Poplar, to East Greenwich. It took five years to complete and carries about 13,000 vehicles daily. Improvements for the tunnel were first drawn up by the London County Council twenty years ago, but were shelved mainly because of the war. The total cost of the first stage is estimated at £1,600,000, including road works (£600,000), the acquisition of property and rehousing.

On left—

NEW TUNNELS FOR THE POST OFFICE RAILWAY: Work is nearing completion 70 ft. beneath the ground near Oxford Street, on new lengths of tube for the Post Office underground railway, which carries mail between some of London's largest sorting offices and some of the main railway termini. A new stretch of line has had to be constructed to serve a new Western District Office to be built in Rathbone Place, W.1. A new station will also be built. Work began on the bomb-damaged site two years ago. About 2,000 ft. of connecting tunnels have had to be driven through clay to join the site of the new office with the existing tube, which at present runs to the south of it. The main tunnel, 9 ft. in diameter, will carry a double track. At each side of the new station this divides into two smaller tunnels which will serve the two platforms.

OLD AND NEW AT BRUSSELS

Contrasts in the Pavilions at the International Exhibition

On right—

CROWDS FLOCK TO THE BELGIAN CAPITAL FOR THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF THE ATOMIC AGE: The car park in the right background is tightly packed with vehicles. In this picture, taken from one of the spheres of the giant Atomium, people stream along the Avenue de l'Urundi in the left foreground towards the mushroom-shaped building of the United Nations Pavilion. This is one of the buildings on the Place de la Coopération Mondiale, with the obelisk in the middle of it. On the left of the Place is the "suspended" European Coal and Steel Community Pavilion, at the far end the "sagging" roof above the Palace of International Cooperation and, to the right, the oval O.E.E.C. Pavilion with, below its head, the small triangular Benelux building. In the right foreground is the Belgian Folklore Section and, centre foreground, the large globe or "World Sphere" of the Pan-American Airways Corporation.

THE HALL OF TRADITION IN THE BRITISH PAVILION: A reproduction of Annigoni's portrait of the Queen hangs at the end of the draped interior. On the right are banners of the City Livery Companies above a row of exhibits illustrating the traditional way of life in Britain. On left a display of figures emphasising the pageantry of the British tradition includes a Herald and the Lord Mayor of London in his robes.

The Universal and International Exhibition in the Belgian capital has got off to a splendid start since its opening by King Baudouin in the middle of last month. There is every reason to hope that a new record for attendance at World Exhibitions will be set up before Heysel Park closes its gates in October. Every day cars are pouring in to pack the car parks, and along the avenues of the Exhibition people move in large numbers. There is as much variety in the displays inside the pavilions as there is in their architectural designs. Russia is strictly materialist, concentrating on Soviet mechanical and scientific progress. America, on the other hand, stresses culture rather than trade. The British display may not be able to rival those two nations in size, but it has a wide and balanced scope. One of the halls in the British Government Pavilion sets out to portray the national tradition with all its pomp and pageantry. Effigies in robes and uniforms familiar on great national occasions or in the national institutions stand opposite the City Livery Companies' banners and an exhibition of lawyers' wigs and other examples of the tradition which plays so great a part of British life.

But it is not by any means all the heritage from the past. From the Hall of Tradition the visitor can move quickly to British technical achievements to-day, to models of Zeta and other British-made wonders of the nuclear age. And beside the Government Pavilion is the British Industry Pavilion, organised by the F.B.I., and displaying the great current ability of British manufacturers. Over 500 firms are represented at sixty stands. By night the Exhibition grounds are floodlit and so are many buildings in the city of Brussels. Several nations are offering entertainments of various kinds. Among the British contributions through the summer will be the Royal Ballet, the Old Vic Theatre, the Huddersfield Choral Society, the London Symphony Orchestra, the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra and the Scots Guards Band.

THE MONTH OF BLOSSOM

Maytime in England When the Trees and Shrubs are Decked in Blossom, and the Daisy, Buttercup and Bluebell Adorn the Countryside and Woodland—And Some Thoughts on Scent

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

HOW do you think of May in England? If, say, on a damp and foggy day in November, on a torrid day in some outpost of Empire, you try to summon up a mind-picture of England in early summer, what do you see? I see blossom and I see the flowering may.

Truly this is the month of blossom. By far the most common colour among our flowering trees and shrubs is white, and this is but natural, for it is part with that cool freshness, that freedom from excess, which quickens the luxuriance of an English summer. But all these white blossoms are by no means of the same whiteness, though one and all, by river and wood and meadow, have this in common: they mirror the great white clouds above.

The blackthorn of March gives place to the cherry of April, which is in turn succeeded by the apple blossom faintly tinged with pink. It is this faint flush on the bloom of apple trees which makes it the most beautiful of all the blossoms of May, far more beautiful than the hard beauty of the unblushing pear. The wild pear, however, is so rare a tree that it may be discounted in the pageant of early summer. But the wild crab-apple makes a shrine of beauty in the midst of the green woods of May. To see the apple blossom in all its glory you must see it in sunlight over bluebells—a fairy delicacy hung between the blue of heaven and the blue of earth.

As the apple blossom fades, the hawthorns whiten. If the apple blossom has a beauty beyond compare (and I think it has), it is yet the hawthorn we or at any rate I, remember; possibly because it is a thorn—and thorns are typically English—but really, I think, because of its scent. Properly, we should not call the hawthorn the may, for as often as not it is not fully in flower until June. The name is very old, and the impropriety, if there be one, is not the fault of the hawthorn. The month of May (before we reformed the calendar) was the four weeks covering the most perfect period of the year, taking a fortnight out of June and giving a fortnight to April. For that month, certainly, the hawthorn was the typical flower.

Year after year, no matter what the weather, the hawthorn flowers punctually to give of its best in the old month of May. Last year, for example, as you will no doubt remember, a cold north-east wind blew throughout the latter half of May and, in eastern England at least, well into June. It made not the slightest difference to the hawthorn. In some places—in West Sussex and in parts of Oxfordshire, for instance—it seems to have flowered even more luxuriantly than usual.

But, if the blossom is always punctual, ignoring the vagaries of our weather, the scent varies a great deal. There is always scent: but in some years there is very much more than in others. No one seems to know why—I have asked a good many very clever men, who might have been expected to know, and have never had anything in the way of a satisfactory answer—but then, no one really seems to know very much about scent. Although you get the most scent in years of very heavy blossom, it seems to me that you can get a very heavy blossom without a comparable amount of scent. I wonder if you have noticed this, too—that the scent of the hawthorn reaches a peak about every six years? You will remember the terrible, but wonderfully fine, summer of Dunkirk; and, perhaps, also the hawthorn. In that summer the hawthorn blossomed exceedingly. I do not think—and one is very apt to say this sort of thing, of course (perhaps the threat of final disaster has etched that summer too deeply on the memory)—that I have ever seen such an overwhelming weight of blossom. It dominated the countryside. There was only one scent on all the countryside, an incense strong and warm and fragrant.

It poured in at the windows with the first breath of morning air, and it hovered at every corner of the village street, in every lane, on every meadow path. It lingered, soft and gentle, a foil to the passion of the nightingale—and what a summer for nightingales that was, too!—in the still air of moonlight. It was everywhere, over everything, and it brought to it the bees in myriads, so that with the scent there was a great murmuring, drowsy and contented. I find that in my diary for 1946 I compare the scent of the hawthorn with that of the summer of Dunkirk (and also remark on the numbers of nightingales), and 1953 was another very good year for the scent (but not, in my part of the world, for nightingales, since I remark on their scarcity). If I am correct about this scent-cycle, then this should be an exceptionally good year.

If the apple blossom is the most beautiful and the hawthorn the most typical, there are yet three other flowers which are part and parcel of May in England—the buttercup, the daisy and the bluebell. Daisies and buttercups belong to the meadows. Every year in May you may watch a great battle for the mastery of the meadows between the buttercup and the daisy. The daisy is always first. Long before a single buttercup has shown in the fresh young grass, the daisies have overrun the meadow, lending a silvery lustre to the green—but the buttercups always win. They start late, but they grow to a greater height and each plant throws out branches, each branch bearing several flowers, whereas each single daisy must spring afresh from the earth. The result is inevitable: and soon the silvery lustre has given place to a gown of molten gold.

Daisies and buttercups are very common: so common that we just take them for granted, treading them carelessly underfoot without giving them a second thought. It is the same with all common things, and, as is the case with so many common things, few people really know much about them because few people bother about them. Both the daisy and the buttercup have a number of features of very considerable interest. I suppose that we have all noticed that daisies disappear at night. (Daisy is a contraction of "Day's Eye," and the flower is so named because it opens at sunrise and shuts at sunset.) How many people look to see what happens? It really is very remarkable. The white petals are drawn together in a close, tight-fitting bunch. This means that only the crimson under-tips of the petals are left showing, and just so that there shall be no mistake about it the green sepals are also drawn up. Even in the dusk daisies are to all intents and purposes invisible.

The buttercup also draws its petals together at night, but the buttercup never actually shuts; and buttercups are quite easy to see in the dark. It would seem that the velvety outer side of the petals holds the light more firmly than the glossy inner side. There is another thing about daisies: they attract flies. There are always flies about daisies, which is why, perhaps, the flower has such a fascination for swallows.

Daisies and buttercups belong to the sun: the bluebell to the shade. Bluebells grow in profusion in open coppices, though I think that it is much less common even in such situations than it was before the war, and their sun-flowered radiance can be almost blinding—and it is in such situations that you find the campion growing with the bluebell. Then you may admire the perfect concord between blue and pink. In open coppices bluebells make a riotous splendour, but to see bluebells properly you must seek them in the greyness of deep, neglected woods. Then you may appreciate all their secret subtle charm, and realise how much the flower is dependent on the sunless gloom and the beautiful austerity of decay. In such a situation bluebells will stretch away before you in softly shimmering waves of azure incandescent light, chill and pure, with duskier waves in the dells, and here and there, where the sun strikes through, a gleam of purest sapphire.

To flourish, the bluebell must be beyond the reach of the expert forester. The forester often preserves more than he is aware of, particularly in the way of predators, who find in the gloomy depths he nourishes so carefully a sanctuary from sporting man. But scientific forestry (which is mainly concerned with conifers) does not encourage many of the small singing birds and spells ruin to all woodland wild flowers, and most certainly to the bluebell which dislikes the conditions necessary for sound, money-making timber. There are, and we must be duly grateful, fewer and fewer neglected woodlands: there are also fewer bluebells.

> The world is full of woodmen who expel
> Love's gentle Dryads from the haunts of life.

So wrote Shelley. I used to wonder what he meant.

MAY IN THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE: This picture was taken during a Rogationtide service in the fields at Biggin Hill, in Kent. This year Rogation Sunday falls on May 11. *Left*—The beauty of cherry-blossom-time on the outskirts of Nailsworth, Gloucestershire.

DEATH OF THE GYPSY "QUEEN"

A Romany Ruler Dies in a North Italian Village

Gypsies in many parts of the world are in mourning for six months for the death of their "Queen." Mimi Rossetti, as she was known to the authorities for official records, died last week at the age of seventy in the village of Lendriani, in northern Italy. She had been ill for some time in the local hospital. When she knew her end was near she asked to be taken back to her encampment, to die there in true Romany fashion. Her subjects came great distances to gather round her tent as she smoked her pipe for the last time and drank a glass of beer a few hours before her life ended.

Three members of the "Regency Council" of the gypsies of the world were with her when she expired. They announced the death by striking up a lament in the Romany language and beating their breasts in sorrow. If the mourning is strictly observed, feasts, weddings and other ceremonies cannot be held during the six-month period and gypsy men should not shave.

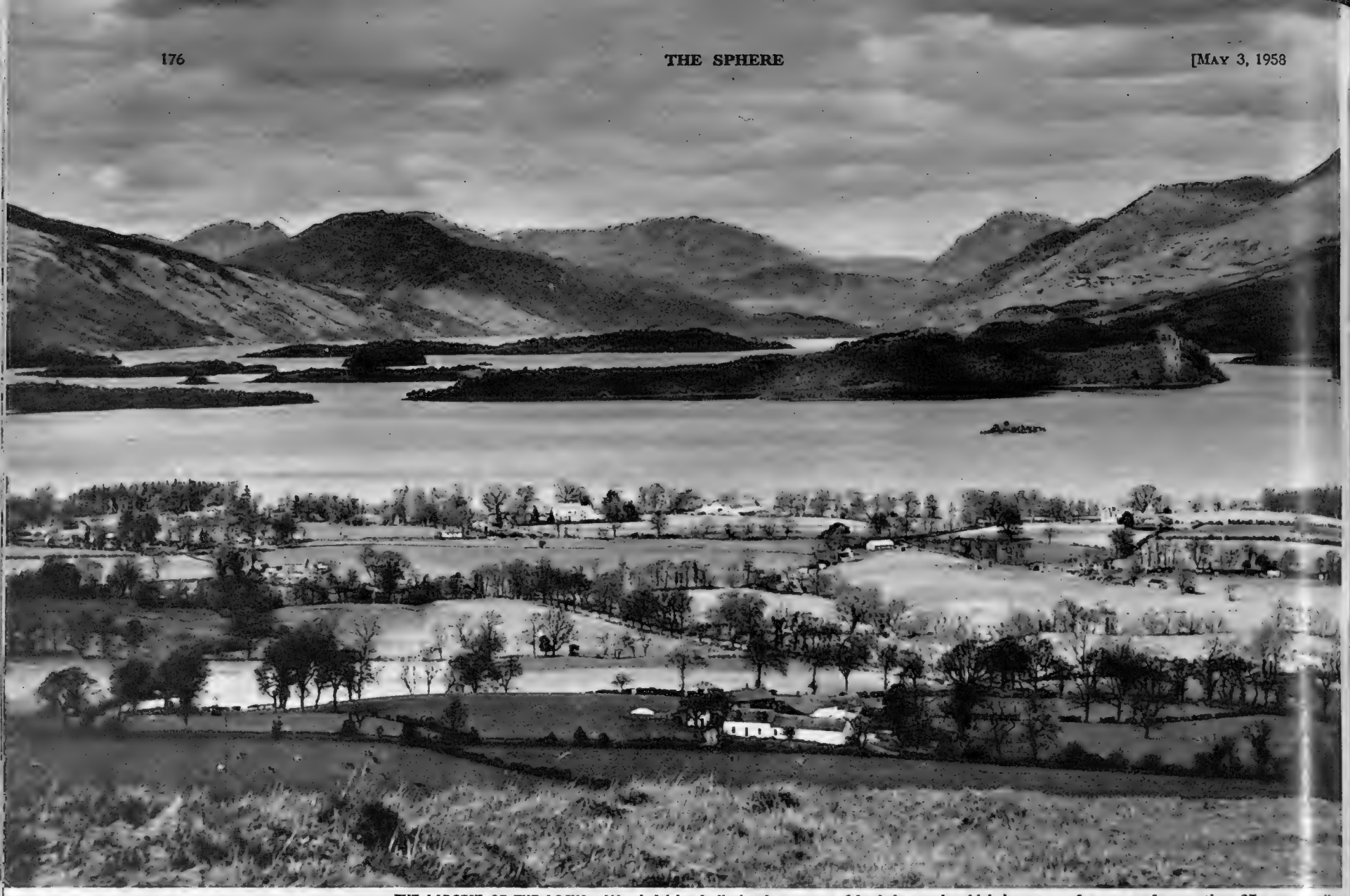
WAITING FOR THE "QUEEN" TO DIE: Local people mingle with gypsies in the village of Lendriani, in northern Italy. In one of the tents Mimi Rossetti, the "Queen of the Gypsies," had been brought to die. She had been in the local hospital, but when she knew her end was near she asked to be taken back to her tent to die in gypsy fashion, surrounded by her own people. "Queen" Mimi's "realm" was claimed to spread over much of Central Europe and the Middle East.

THE LAST MOMENTS: In the tent the dying gypsy ruler stretches out her hand to a crucifix held on the back of a chair by a gypsy woman. A local Catholic priest administered the last rites to Mimi Rossetti before she died.

On right—

SUCCESSOR TO THE "THRONE"?: Marika smokes a pipe in the gypsy encampment shortly before the death of the "Queen." It was expected that Mimi would follow the gypsy law and on her death-bed name her successor. Marika was considered to be the most likely nominee.

MOURNING THE PASSING OF THEIR RULER: Women and children stand at the entrance to the tent. *On left*—Men also attend the death-bed. The announcement of the passing of the seventy-year-old "Queen" was made by three members of the "Regency Council."



THE LARGEST OF THE LOCHS : Wooded islands lie in the waters of Loch Lomond, which have a surface area of more than 27 square miles and form the largest lake in Britain. Lomond can also claim to be one of the best-known lochs. In Scotland to-day there are not only several hundred natural inland waters, there are also many artificial lochs for hydro-electric power or water supply.

LAND OF LOCHS

The Beauty of the Inland Waters of Scotland

Pictures and Article

By GLEN ROY

HOW many lochs has Scotland? It is a hard question to answer, for there is no standard of minimum size for a loch. The border-line between lochans, small dams and the myriad peaty pools which stud the wastes of the "watery" counties and a full-size loch is indeterminate. In 1912 a survey gave a total of 878 inland waters, but not all of the Sutherland lochs were included. In the last twenty years many great artificial lochs have been formed, most of them for hydro-electric use. But some have been created for municipal supply.

These additions to the inland waters are beautifully unlike an artificial feature. The total of all lochs must now be more than 1,000. All of them improve the scene. Water is the lightening grace of grim and mountainous scenery. Without the gleam of the lochs, the Highlands would almost merit the epithet so frequently used by eighteenth-century explorers in Caledonia—"horrid."

What may be termed the great lochs always provoke arguments about dimensions; which is the biggest, the deepest, the longest and the most beautiful? Loch Lomond is an easy first in area, with more than 27 square miles of surface. Loch Awe is the longest at 25 miles and a bit. Loch Ness gets into first place on two counts: volume of water and greatest mean depth (433 ft.); though Loch Morar is the deepest—1,017 ft. in one part. The counties show great variation in their loch content, from those which have only one, like Clackmannan, to Sutherland's great total of considerably more than 100.

ROMANTIC WATERS WHICH DESERVE TO BE BETTER KNOWN : The upper end of Loch Katrine, between Glengyle and Stronachlachar in Perthshire, is seldom visited. Those who do go there consider that it is certainly one of the most beautiful of the lochs. At Glengyle, Robert MacGregor, or Campbell, was born in 1671. He is immortalised as "Rob Roy" in the novel by Walter Scott.

Inverness-shire comes next with around 90, and then Perthshire, with Ross, Argyll and Kirkcudbrightshire in the 70's. It is in these mountainous counties that the census becomes difficult, where so much of the moorland holds little waters which some would call a loch and others a mere pool or lochan.

The honour of the most beautiful loch is hard to place, personal preference playing so large a part in any decision. Loch Lomond is hard to beat, well known and accessible though it is. Any water which is well supplied with wooded islands is bound to score heavily. Loch Awe and Loch Maree are fortunate in their island clusters, and these three are generally near the top of anyone's list. Lesser waters, like Loch Eilt, with its tufted islets; Affric, firm favourite with many visitors, and the forest-girt charm of Loch Morlich and Loch-an-Eilein appeal to those who dislike too wide an area of water. Loch Katrine, at its upper and seldom-seen Glengyle end, has real beauty, though its charms here are reserved for Glasgow bailies, anglers and the few who live around these lovely shores.

There are also the lakes. Scotland is popularly supposed to have only one, the lovely Lake of Menteith, perhaps the prettiest water of all, if not the grandest. Pressmennan Lake and Spott Lake are in East Lothian,

A COMBINATION OF FUNCTION AND BEAUTY: Loch Faskally has been constructed as part of one of Scotland's many hydro-electric schemes. Although artificially created, it is as beautiful as any of the natural lochs and most unlike the popular conception of a reservoir.

ONE OF THE FEW SCOTTISH "LAKES": The Port of Menteith is on the lake of that name, which is often thought erroneously to be the only lake in Scotland. In its waters are three islands, one of them being Inchmahome with its ancient ruined Priory.

CONTRASTS IN WINTER AND SUMMER: The chill of the winter snows on Ben Lomond seems to be reflected in the waters of Loch Ard. *On right*—A summer camping site in Lower Glencoe by Loch Triochatan in Argyll. Rising from the shore is the steep face of the north wall of Aonach Dubh, one of the "Three Sisters of Glencoe."

both narrow, tree-girt waters, artificially formed; unknown, perhaps to those who think Scotland has but one lake among the thousand lochs.

The new artificially-created "lochs" are the post-war children of the frenzied search for watts. Loch Faskally, at Pitlochry, above the narrows where once stood Clunie Bridge, is as beautiful as any of the natural lochs. Loch Carron, filling the one-time dull and soggy valley in the Campsie Hills, has vastly improved the scene.

So long as the understandable enthusiasm of the hydro-electric engineers is kept in check, the new waters are no blot on the landscape, even though their dams and power stations sometimes seem rather light in colour for their surroundings. If only they would cover the multiple pipe-lines which hardly improve the hillsides, as they sweep arrogantly down to the turbines, few would complain at the changing of Scotland's face. Later generations of power-seekers may be even more ambitious and perhaps consider the idea of damming the Dee at Ballater, the Tweed at Neidpath, or the Lyon at Chesthill, to make some still more impressive new waters.

Scotland's lochs are her chief attraction, and long may they remain so. Impossible to wear out and impregnable against development (unlike most of our old buildings), they are a precious heritage.

LONDON TO-DAY

A City Panorama; The New Inner Temple Library; And the Site for the New American Embassy

THE NEW LIBRARY OF THE INNER TEMPLE: In the Central Room all the woodwork, including the panelling, tables and chairs, is of English oak. The other main rooms are built and furnished of the same material. The new library of the famous Inn of Court, between Fleet Street and the Thames Embankment, replaces the building which was destroyed by bombing and fire during the war. Among the 90,000 books on the shelves are many which suffered war damage. In opening the library last week in the presence of a distinguished legal gathering, Sir Patrick Spens, Q.C., M.P., the Master Treasurer, recalled that just before the outbreak of war the Librarian, Mr. E. A. P. Hart, removed to safety their most precious collection of manuscripts and these had now been returned undamaged to the strongroom of the new library. Inevitably their losses in other books and papers had been considerable during the enemy attacks of 1940-41. But by May 1941 they had been able to send off some 40,000 books to storage in various parts of the country. To-day these volumes had been returned to the library and about 80 per cent. of the books destroyed in the war had been replaced on the shelves.

A NEW SPIRE FOR A CITY CHURCH: Scaffolding surrounds the tower and spire of the Church of All Hallows by the Tower, where extensive restoration work is now nearing completion. The photograph at the top of these pages was taken from the top platform on the scaffolding, 170 ft. from the ground.

A MODERN BUILDING IN AN OLD INN OF COURT: The exterior of the new library of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple is of red brick and has long windows allowing ample light. The architect responsible for the design is Mr. T. Wilfred Sutcliffe. He lives in King's Bench Walk near the library.

A NEW WIDE-ANGLE LENS VIEW OF LONDON'S ANCIENT FORTRESS: This panoramic view stretching from the Port of London Authority Building, on the left, to Tower Bridge and the south bank of the river, includes the entire area of the Tower of London, which covers 13 acres. The picture was taken from the top of the spire of the restored church of All Hallows, 170 ft. from the ground. In the left foreground is the Merchant Navy memorial which commemorates the men who lost their lives in the two world wars. The sunken garden was opened by the Queen in 1955. In the Tower, the oldest structure, apart from a section of Roman wall, is the 90-ft.-high White Tower or keep which dominates the entire fortress. It was built in the eleventh century and restored by Wren. The walls are between 12 and 15 ft. thick. Prominent on the river side of the fortress are the Wakefield Tower, where the crown jewels are kept, and the Bloody Tower. The deep moat surrounding the fortress was drained in 1843. The last monarch to sleep at the Tower was Charles II, who spent the night there on the eve of his Coronation in 1661. Recently, excavations by the Ministry of Works revealed a water-gate built for Henry III in the thirteenth century to serve as a private back-door entrance from the river to the old Royal quarters.

WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE NEW AMERICAN EMBASSY IN GROSVENOR SQUARE: The site is being cleared and the lower structure of some of the building is beginning to take shape. The American Embassy at present occupies premises in several of the blocks round the square, in the centre of which is a statue of President Roosevelt. The new Chancery has been designed by Mr. Eero Saarinen, the Finnish-born architect, who is now an American citizen. British firms have the main contracts for excavating the site and for construction. The finished building will have the shape of an inverted "U," or three sides of a rectangle, being 310 ft. in length on its longest side and six storeys high. The exterior will be faced in Portland stone and the base of the building will be surrounded by a 7½-ft.-high wall of the same stone. Demolition and excavation started on the site at the beginning of last year. The new Embassy should be completed in mid-1959.

GOTHIC GLORY

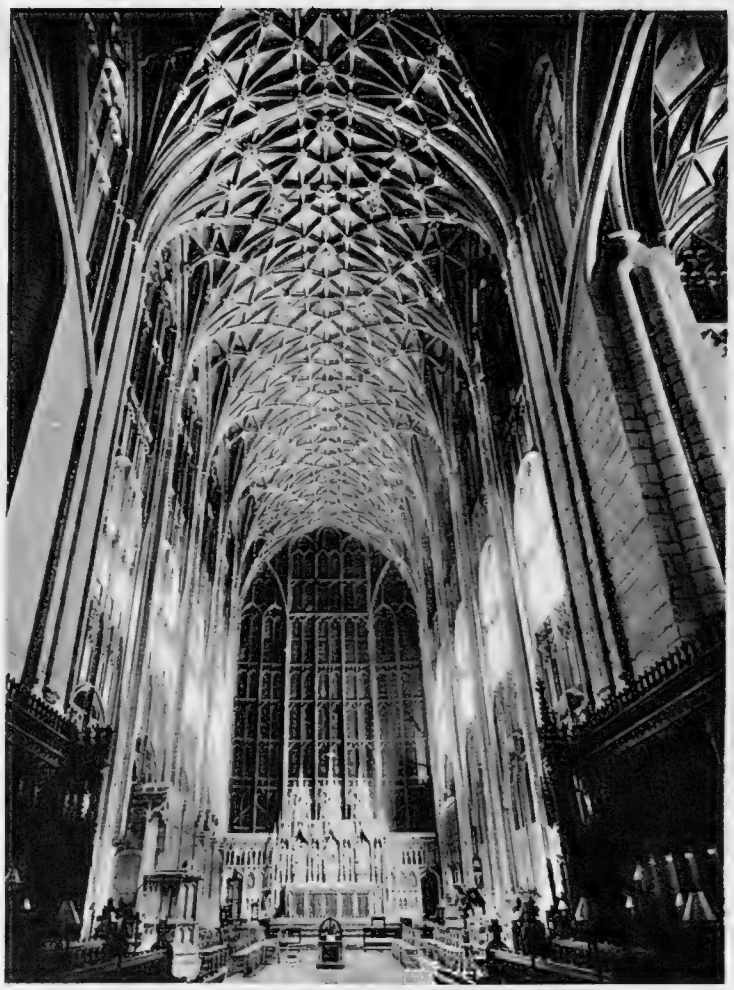
A New System of Lighting is Introduced in Gloucester Cathedral

A NEW system of lighting installed in Gloucester Cathedral was dedicated by the Dean of Gloucester, the Very Rev. S. J. Evans, in a service held in the Cathedral a few days ago. Devised at the research laboratories of The General Electric Co., Ltd., the system, known as "Designed Appearance Lighting," was worked out to provide the patterns of light, shade and modelling required by Colonel N. H. Waller, the Cathedral architect.

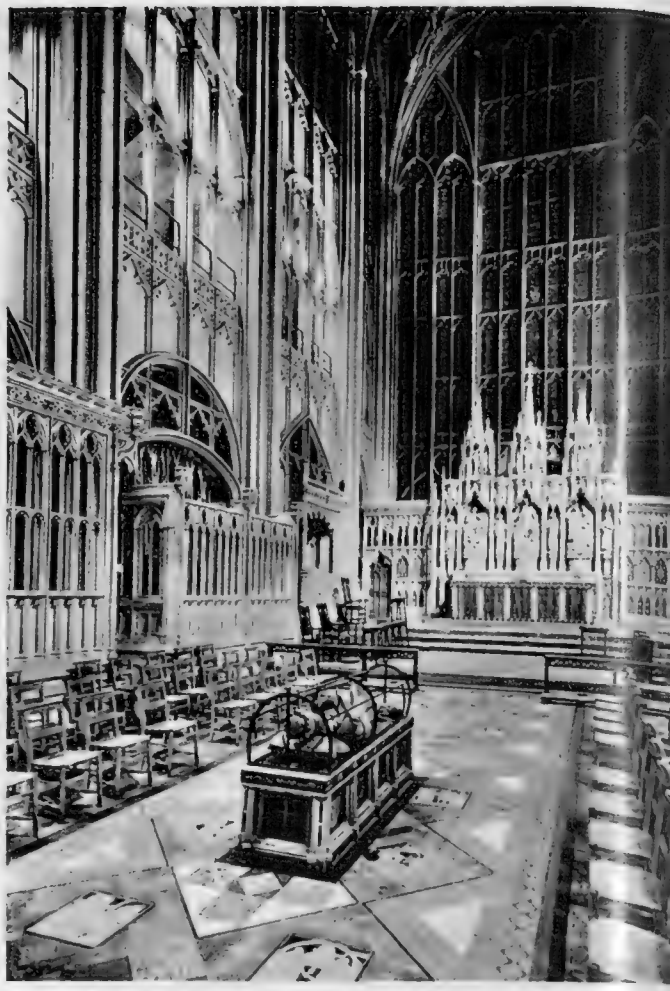
The cost of the installation, with rewiring and a new organ-blower, was about £10,000, and was met by the Fabric Appeal Fund, to which the Friends of Gloucester Cathedral are a principal subscriber. It was planned by G.E.C. in collaboration with the Dean of Gloucester, the Cathedral architect and members of the Dean's Committee. The purpose of the scheme is to light the Cathedral appropriately for worship, to bring out the beauty of the structure, and to produce the effects of light and shade which the medieval builders might have achieved, given present-day facilities.

The basis of the design is a coherent drift of light from south to north across the Cathedral which reveals the shape of the stone-work, particularly the piers of the nave and the soaring tracery of the choir. Emphasis is placed on the High Altar and the reredos. As a result of this drift of light, the north walls of the nave and nave aisle are brighter than the south walls. This emphasises the great width of the building. From the aisles the tracery which separates the transepts from the main body of the Cathedral is seen in silhouette.

Three monuments, that of King Osric near the High Altar, the shrine of Edward II, and the Cross which was carved by Lieut.-Colonel J. P. Carne, V.C., D.S.O., of the Gloucestershire Regiment, while in a Korean prison camp, are lighted by concealed fittings. Projection lamps, spotlights and reflector lights of the shop-window type are used, from hidden positions. The effects vary from a soft glow of fan beams to a spot beam which unobtrusively illuminates the side of the preacher's face when he is in the pulpit. Wherever possible the equipment has been installed so that it is not visible to people entering and using the Cathedral. The system is designed to be flexible. When a service is held in the choir or Lady Chapel, only the south aisle in the nave need be lighted, with the altar lit at a reduced level, or with the altar, organ and screen lit. Similarly, when the choir is used for small services the lighting can be confined to the desk lights and the east face of the organ, with reduced lighting for the High Altar.



THE ELABORATE VAULTING OF THE CHOIR: The new lighting system in Gloucester Cathedral reveals the soaring perpendicular pillars and the complex lierne vaulting with its profusion of sculptured bosses. The vast East window, canted in three panes, contains much original glass.



THE HIGH ALTAR OF GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL: Behind its intricate and detailed carving is the East window. In the foreground is the effigy of Robert of Normandy, a son of William the Conqueror, and centre left is the shrine of Edward II.

NEW DESK LIGHTS FOR THE CHOIR: Made by Gloucester craftsmen from wrought iron, the decorative effect of these new lights can be seen in the foreground. The lighting plan is designed to provide a drift of light from south to north across the Cathedral. This reveals its width.

THE NORMAN NAVE: The cylindrical solid piers of the nave and the shallow plain arches contrast with the delicate tracery of the choir. Each pier is 30 ft. high. Below the roof is the triforium, in which the nave lighting is installed.

It is particularly fitting that this new system has been installed in Gloucester Cathedral, since it is now possible to appreciate the transformation of the fabric of the choir and transepts from their stolid Norman style. The present Cathedral was begun in 1089 and was consecrated in 1100. The nave and aisles date from this period.

With the accession of Abbot Wygmore and the burial in Gloucester of Edward II, transformed by his death into a martyr, the second phase of the building of the Cathedral began. With the funds from the pilgrims attracted to Gloucester by the relics of Edward, the choir and transepts were reconstituted as a mortuary chapel for the King. Abbot Wygmore chose the "clever and rather eccentric" artists of the Severn school to carry out the work. The decorative scheme of panelling in the soft white local stone of Cheltenham resulted in what is generally regarded as the architectural revolution which initiated the Perpendicular period. The skeleton panelling and vast transomed windows, with slender moulded mullions carried vertically to their heads, encased the romanesque design with a dexterous economy of material and labour. With a continuous range of windows the choir, an immense single lantern of glass, became the generally recognised prototype for the Perpendicular hall church.

Besides Gloucester, the School of Severn masons also worked on Bristol Cathedral, where they introduced open-arch vaulting, and in Wells, with its cage of inverted arches enclosing the crossing. They remodelled not only the choir at Gloucester but also the transepts. Large new windows were inserted at the ends and a complex structure of lierne vaulting introduced. The choir stalls, although much restored, date from about 1380, and are a remarkable achievement with niche-like canopies and a series of misericords.

ISRAELIS PARADE IN JERUSALEM

A Display of Military Strength on Independence Day

Israel chose Jerusalem as the scene of an impressive display of her military might on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of Israeli Independence last week. When it became known that heavy equipment, including tanks and guns, was being taken into the city there were strong protests from Jordan. From Amman it was argued that Israel was violating the 1949 Armistice Agreement, and Jordanian forces were brought up close to the demarcation line, many of them being able to watch the parade across the border. United Nations observers were stationed on both sides of the demarcation line. In spite of fears to the contrary, the day passed off without incident.

The parade started from the new University Stadium. The British and American Ambassadors stayed away, presumably in view of possible political complications, but the French Ambassador attended the stadium ceremony with M. Vincent Auriol, the former French President. Both were loudly cheered on arrival. Mr. Ben-Gurion made a short speech in which he stressed that Israel's strength was a guarantee of peace. Then the various military units moved off to march or drive through the Israeli part of Jerusalem. The martial theme was only one side of the Independence Day celebrations. There were services in synagogues, a symphony concert conducted by Kubelik, and dancing in the streets until far into the night.

FOR THE DEFENCE OF ISRAEL: Male and female military units stand between guns, tanks and vehicles of various kinds in the form-up for the parade through Jerusalem to mark the tenth anniversary of Israel's independence. There had been strong protests from Jordan that the heavy equipment being brought into the Israeli part of the city violated the Armistice Agreement of 1949. Strong Jordanian forces were stationed close to the demarcation line, but the parade passed without incident.

On left—

WOMEN SOLDIERS: Members of the Israeli Signal Corps, carrying automatic weapons, march through the streets.

THE PRIME MINISTER SPEAKS: Mr. David Ben-Gurion, the Israeli Prime Minister, addresses those on parade and the huge throng of spectators in Jerusalem.

A MASS OF TANKS FORMS AN IMPRESSIVE PART OF THE PARADE: They are moving off from the new University Stadium to drive through the streets of the Israeli sector of Jerusalem. The British and the American Ambassadors were not present in the stadium, but the French Ambassador attended and was cheered.

HEADING THE TROOPS AND VEHICLES: The Colour Party marches round the stadium. It was estimated that 5,000 soldiers and over 100 tanks took part in the parade.

LABOUR-SAVING ON WASHDAY

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

ONE rather curious aspect of the domestic social revolution of our time is the way that nominally labour-saving devices are helping the middle-class housewife to take on much more physical work than she ever did before. "Americanisation" of the English kitchen, that is to say, arrived just in time—just in time to witness the departure of the living-in domestic servant from most middle-class homes. For anyone accustomed to doing the same jobs by hand, the battery of powered equipment now imported into the home is indeed labour-saving; for the mistress of the house (who often was not) they at least make her former housemaid's jobs tolerable.

It is one thing to replace the maid by a machine. Can one expect the same thing to happen to the laundry? On the face of it, this seems the reverse of efficient. To replace the bought service of large-scale, highly efficient machinery with kitchen service by a small, relatively less efficient machine operated by an untrained amateur, which stands idle much more of the time than the commercial equipment, would at first sight seem more costly. Yet a recent survey suggested that 25 per cent. of British households now have washing machines, which suggests that nearly 4,000,000 are in use. And even last year, with purchase tax on them standing at 60 per cent. and hire purchase restrictions still in force, deliveries on the home market were not far short of 500,000.

Now that purchase tax is down to 30 per cent., the trade expects sales of home laundering equipment—washing machines of various kinds, spin driers and ancillary equipment—to recover rapidly towards its 1955 levels, and to rise even further. In that year alone, about 731,000 washing machines were delivered on the home market.

The manufacturers reckon that quite 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 homes in Britain could afford washing machines, which offers a continuing expansion of sales for some years before demand settles down to a fairly high replacement level. This is almost entirely a post-war development; in 1939, it has been guessed in the trade, there were no more than 150,000 washing machines in use in Britain. How has it come about—and how far has it affected the laundry business in this country?

Clearly, the partial disappearance of the domestic servant, recorded above, has had something to do with it; the housemaid used to do a good deal of washing, whereas the "daily" is liable to turn up her nose at the suggestion. But there are other factors, technical as well as economic, in the matter. Laundry services as well as domestic service have been rising in price; to some extent at least, pricing themselves out of the market and encouraging the customer to think of alternative ways to do her washing. Moreover, many of the people now buying washing machines sent little to the laundry anyway: they washed by hand at home.

The same shortage of labour which has made it easy for servants to find other jobs at better pay in easier conditions has done exactly the same for laundry workers. The laundry business is peculiar in that almost half of all its costs go in wages and salaries, even though laundry workers are among the lowest-paid of all in industrial establishments. Any industry where labour costs are as important as this has been hard-pressed since the war, because wage rates have risen more than the price of almost anything else, with the wages of unskilled people rising even more than the average. So the price of laundry washing has tended to rise more than those of many other household items—at a time when the effective price of washing machines, made in ever-increasing volume on mass-production methods, has steadily been brought down to appeal to a wider range of potential buyers.

The laundry business is a substantial industry, though it is generally organised in comparatively small establishments, and there are not many large chain laundries. There are something over 2,000 laundries, employing perhaps 150,000 workers: in 1948 the turnover of "laundries, dry cleaning, job dyeing and carpet beating" establishments was given as about £64,000,000, and it is said to have increased by about 40 per cent. since then, which might suggest a figure of £90,000,000 for laundries and the other cleaning services. On the other hand, laundry prices have risen by possibly the same percentage during the post-war period; there certainly seems to have been little real growth in the amount of service that laundries have carried out during a period when personal spending as a whole has risen by about 15 per cent.

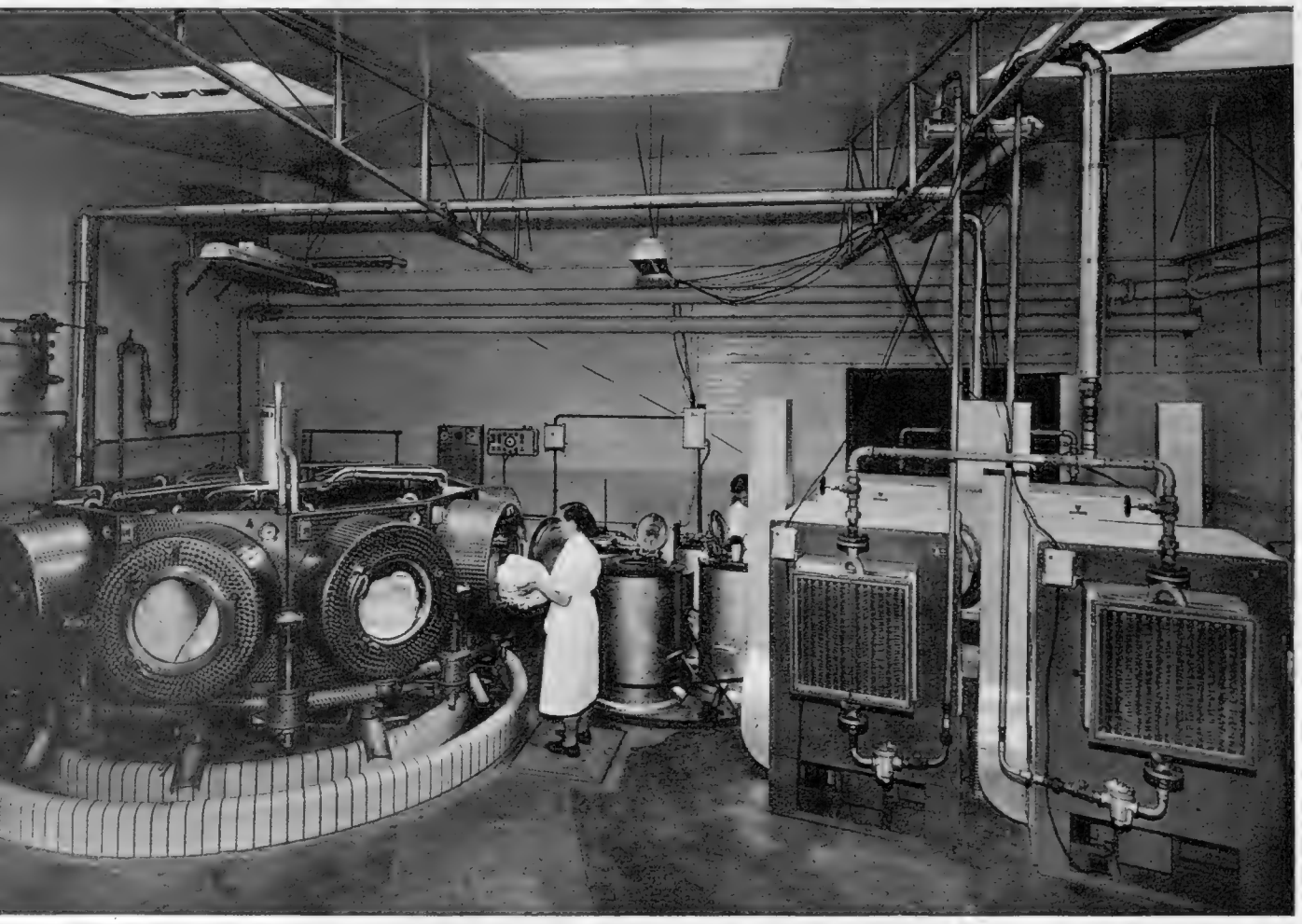
The industry has had to compete with the washing machine on two fronts: in the home and in the launderette. These "shop laundries," working on the self-service principle, consist of a battery of automatic washing machines plus drying equipment. About 1,000 of them exist in Britain; the vast majority of those in existence use Bendix machines, one of the most automatic of all machines sold to households. The housewife can have 9 lb. of her washing done in about forty minutes, ready for ironing. They have proliferated in the last few years: Bendix has been ready to give expert advice and complete specifications to the individual prepared to invest a few thousand pounds, plus a great deal of energy and time.

An older-established competitor, self-service laundering at the municipal wash-house, seems to have been expanding no more than the laundries themselves since the war; this, too, has been the victim of individualism, as expressed in the home washing machine. Some of the latest of these municipal laundries—which generally do the council's own washing, as well as offering service to ratepayers—include ironing facilities and the most modern of equipment. They offer among the cheapest washing services of all—though it is only fair to say that they do not necessarily give a proper commercial return on the capital invested, as a laundry must to stay in business.

Comparisons of cost between the different ways of washing are not easy to agree. One of the consumer advisory services recently established has reckoned that to wash an 18-lb. assortment of customary items might cost 17s. 6d. to 30s. at a laundry, 6s. at a launderette, about 3s. at a municipal laundry, and say 3s. 6d. to 5s. on one's own washing machine, counting in depreciation, power and soap or detergent. The last three ways of washing include nothing in those figures for labour cost. The housewife can put her own price on her time, but at the rate of an unskilled laundry worker, some 3s. an hour, her labour would add about 9s. to the cost of the launderette or municipal laundry and probably 12s. to the cost of using the washing machine. Labour-saving at home is cheap when the labour is free.

How does the quality of washing done compare? Here again answers are in dispute. It has not been easy for the laundry, using conventional washing techniques, to match the effects of modern synthetic detergents, which often include slightly fluorescent salts in the mixture to give an "optical white" effect. Moreover, some of the household detergents may leave salts in fabrics that are perfectly harmless, but which can react with the wash liquors used in laundering to leave white materials rather greyish. The wide variety of new materials and mixtures in textile fabrics introduced into garments since the war, again, has presented difficulties: each may require special procedures. Modern laundry technique is rapidly countering this with improved commercial detergents and whitening agents, just as it has countered the effect of rising wages by more efficient equipment, better handling arrangements, and automatic control systems.

To-day the result of this competition is still in the balance. Laundries reckon that perhaps half the households in the country send them some washing, but that only about 15 per cent. of the country's total washing is done in laundries. Launderettes, again, handle work from about 1,000,000 customers. The laundry industry is increasing its turnover from other kinds of customers—for example, commercial and industrial towel contract services are doing very well. Some are offering housewives experimental services: one, for example, is prepared to supply and replace clean sheets and pillow-cases as a continuous service, with a new sheet after a given number of washings: others are offering "back same day" service at a premium price for customers in a hurry. But the hum of several million washing machines still vibrates unpleasantly in the laundry-owner's ears; and for the present, it appears to show no sign of subsiding.



THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT IN LAUNDERING ON THE COMMERCIAL SCALE: The Carousel Contra-Flow Automatic Washing unit is distributed in England by Baker Perkins Ltd., Laundry Engineers of Peterborough. In the operation of the unit washing machines revolve intermittently in a clockwise direction on a circular platform, stopping for each successive stage of the washing and rinsing processes. Water circulation is continuous and is passed from one machine to the other in a counter-clockwise direction.

A BRITISH-BUILT BRIDGE FOR IRAQ

Up to the time of the First World War the only bridges in existence in Iraq were formed with boats. The Turkish Government had bought one such bridge which had been in use in India and set it up in Bagdad over the Tigris. The British Army assembled another pontoon in 1918 and placed it about half a mile downstream. At the same time the British and Indian armies built another bridge over the River Diyala, at Baquba, about 30 miles north of Bagdad. This bridge, with a single rail track, is now being replaced by a bigger and modern construction. The old bridge is seen on the far side of the picture, *on left*, with the new construction in the centre.

The new bridge has been built for the Iraq Development Board by Holloway Brothers (London) Ltd., who have also erected four other bridges in the same country. Three of these are in Bagdad and the fourth is over the Lesser Zab River. Construction work on the new bridge has taken two years, the opening ceremony being arranged for last Wednesday (April 30). It has a main centre span (350 ft. long) with two approach spans, and is constructed of steel with reinforced concrete piers and abutments. In view of the annual flooding of the river the construction work had to be arranged during the low-water seasons. The steelwork for the centre spans was erected on timber stagings driven into the river-bed; when the bridge was self-supporting the stagings were removed. It was particularly necessary that this part of the work was finished before the 1958 flood owing to the possibility of the partly-built bridge on the stagings being swept away. Altogether about 1,000 tons of steel were used in the construction of the bridge. In the picture *below* the camera looks along the centre span and shows the double railway track being laid.

On left—

MOVING THE EARTH

The main plant of R. G. LeTourneau Inc., at Longview, in Texas, where revolutionary earth-moving equipment will be built, is seen from the air. The two dome-like buildings are made of interlocking metal sections which are self-supporting. Assembled on the ground, the sections were hoisted into place, utilising a single metal pole. One of these great domes, which has a large seating capacity, is used for chapel services held at the plant. The other structure is a warehouse. In 1953 Mr. LeTourneau, who is reputed to have gained contracts for 70 per cent. of all basic earth-moving equipment used by the Allied forces in the last war, sold his earth-moving equipment business and agreed not to manufacture this type of machinery for five years. Meanwhile, the Longview plant, and a sister-plant at Vicksburg, Missouri, turned over to building other types of heavy construction equipment. The wheels and moving parts of the mammoth machines are powered by electric motors operating off a generator which is charged by a diesel engine. In this way complex mechanical linkage and drive systems are eliminated. It is now planned to manufacture earth-moving equipment at Longview and Vicksburg, utilising this " electric wheel " principle.

On right—

BERKELEY'S PROGRESS

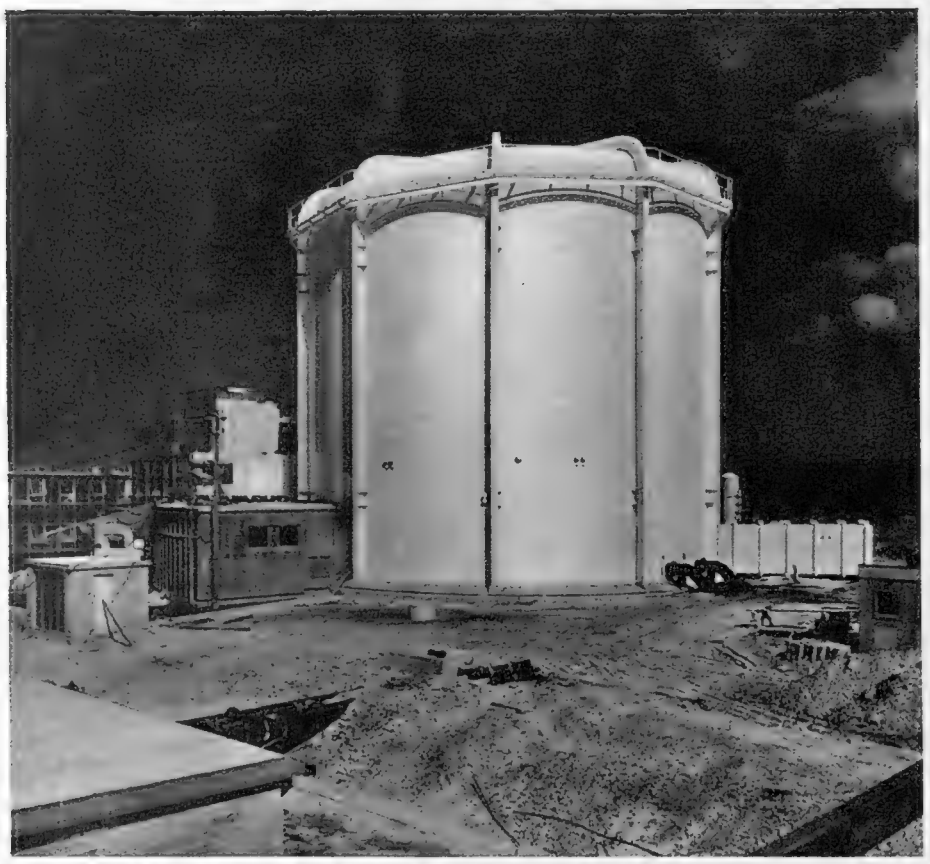
The first of the sixteen large boiler vessels for the Berkeley Nuclear Power Station is being lifted into position between gin poles. The vessel, 70 ft. in length and weighing 133 tons, was transported on two bogies over a distance of 300 yards to its position adjoining the No. 1 reactor.

The nuclear power station is being built on a site of about 96 acres at Berkeley, on the estuary of the River Severn, in Gloucestershire, by the A.E.I.-John Thompson Nuclear Energy Co. Ltd., for the Central Electricity Generating Board. When completed, the station's output will be in the region of 300 mW., instead of the 100-200 mW. put forward in the Government's White Paper programme, and the use of nuclear power will save between 1,000,000 and 2,000,000 tons of coal each year.

The plant will consist of two natural uranium, CO_2 gas-cooled, graphite-moderated reactors supplying heat to sixteen boiler units, eight boilers being associated with each reactor and grouped round it to form a complete unit. Each boiler unit will be contained in a cylindrical steel pressure shell approximately 70 ft. in height and 17 ft. 6 ins. in diameter.

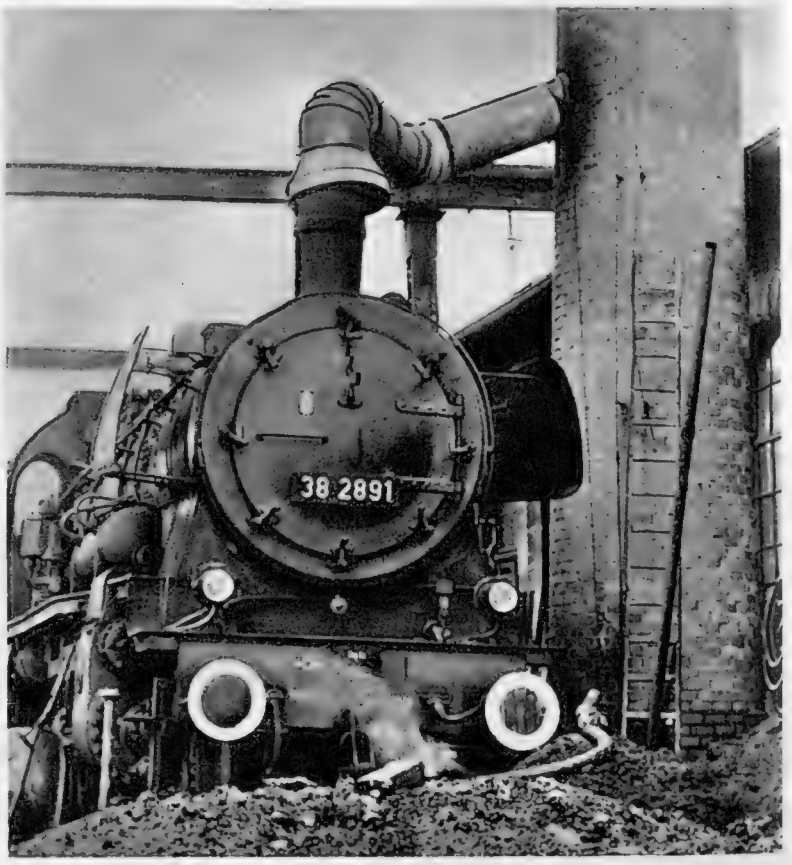
Steam from the boilers will be used to drive four dual-pressure turbo-generators of rather more than 80,000 kilowatts capacity. The two reactors are enlarged and improved versions of those which are in operation at Calder Hall Power Station.

The basic design of the Berkeley Nuclear Power Station has been governed principally by the relationship of the three major units—namely, the turbine house and the two reactors.



BRITISH RESEARCH REACTOR IN AUSTRALIA

The Australian Atomic Energy research station at Lucas Heights, Sydney, has been supplied with a Dido type 10 m.W. research reactor by Head Wrightson Processes Ltd., a subsidiary of Head Wrightson and Co. Ltd. It was the first export order for a nuclear reactor from a British firm. Dido is an enriched heavy water moderated reactor, and will be used for testing materials under the effects of radiation; the testing of engineering loops; the study of power reactor circuits and for the production of isotopes. The station took three years to build.



AN INGENIOUS ROLE FOR AN OLD ENGINE

The picture of the old German railway engine reproduced above gives the impression that it is lying obsolete in a scrap-yard. A closer inspection, however, reveals that the locomotive is in service, even though the new role is far different from that for which it was intended. The engine has been shunted into a siding and is being used to heat one of the railway workshops at Nürnberg. A brick chimney has been added to give increased draught.

"DUEL OF ANGELS"

Christopher Fry's Translation of the Play "Pour Lucrèce," by Giraudoux, Opens in London

THE OPULENCE OF THE SECOND EMPIRE: Lucile (Claire Bloom) is questioned about her loathing for the decadent idle rich in the France of Napoleon III. Seated with her is her friend Eugenie (Pauline Jameson) in this scene from the first act of *Duel of Angels* at the Apollo Theatre.

WITH RESPLENDENT JEWELLERY: The "Madame," Barbette, played by Freda Jackson, idly fingers her cross. She is the keeper of the brothel where Lucile is supposedly raped.

HUSBAND AND WIFE: Lucile tries to explain to her husband, Mr. Justice Blanchard, what has happened to her. Blanchard, played by Robin Bailey, fails to understand.

A STUDY OF EVIL: Paola, played by Vivien Leigh, plots to convince Lucile that she has been raped by Marcellus, since Lucile, in all innocence, has exposed her sins. Written in 1942, the sombre *Pour Lucrèce* was Jean Giraudoux's last play. He died during the German occupation of France.

DRIVEN TO DESPAIR: Lucile asks Armand (Basil Hoskins) to dispel the nightmare that she is living in. Coldly looking on are Paola, Armand's wife, and Barbette, the two scheming women who have destroyed Lucile's faith in herself. The involved and tragic plot is played against a background of decadent and sinister elegance of the high society of Aix-en-Provence in 1868, during the Second Empire.

Translated by Christopher Fry from the French play *Pour Lucrèce*, by Jean Giraudoux, *Duel of Angels* is another French version of classical myth. It is based on the Roman legend of Lucretia, who, in the sixth century B.C., was raped by the son of the king, Tarquinius Superbus. On the following day she stabbed herself in the presence of her husband and father. The dagger was then used as a symbol for the ensuing revolt which drove the hated Tarquins from Rome and overthrew the monarchy. *Duel of Angels*, which opened last week at the Apollo Theatre in London, follows this story, but sets it at the end of the Second Empire in France. Lucile is drugged by Paola, whose immorality has been exposed through Lucile's innocence and purity. She wakes up in a brothel run by Barbette and is convinced by Paola that she has been raped by Marcellus. In fact this is not so. However, this leads to the killing of Marcellus by Paola's husband, Armand, in a duel. Finally, Lucile, convinced that she is irretrievably dishonoured, commits suicide. The play, directed by Jean-Louis Barrault, the distinguished French actor and film producer, marks the return of Vivien Leigh to the West End Theatre. She is supported by a magnificent cast, including Claire Bloom as Lucile, Freda Jackson, Pauline Jameson, Basil Hoskins, Robin Bailey and Peter Wyngarde. The sets are by Roger Furse.

The World of Books

PORTRAIT OF THE NAVY

A Captain's Autobiography; Who was Shakespeare?; The Talent and Taste of Proust; Epic English Novels of the Past and Current Contributions to Fiction

FOUR hundred years ago a form of service was planned to ask God's blessing on a new warship at the time of her commissioning. With one interval it has been in use ever since and it is from this service that Captain Eric Bush, R.N., takes his title for an autobiography. It is not only the story of a long naval career but a portrait of the Navy as one dedicated sailor knew it for nearly forty years. BLESS OUR SHIP (Allen and Unwin 21s.) begins in 1912 with the author's induction as an Osborne cadet (he spent his fifteenth birthday at sea in the First World War), and closes with his son coming up for examination as a Dartmouth cadet. In the pages between are stories, which are naturally first-hand ones, about Jutland, the China Station, the Baltic and the Mediterranean; stories of the First War and between the wars, and exploits of the Second World War when Captain Bush was still on extremely active service.

In many ways this is a wonderful book, simply and directly told, but with an appreciation of drama and, above all, a naval spirit in the great tradition. The closing lines illustrate this better than any words of mine: "When Nelson called at the Admiralty," writes Captain Bush, "before sailing to join the Fleet off Cadiz, the First Lord handed him the Navy List with an invitation to choose what officers he liked. 'Choose yourself, my Lord,' said Nelson. 'The same spirit actuates the whole Service.' He could say the same to-day."

Three books on purely literary matters follow. SHAKESPEARE AND HIS BETTERS (Reinhardt. 21s.) —a provocative title, if ever I heard one—is Mr. R. C. Churchill's history of the authorship problem and a criticism of this. The book is a real boon, as a matter of fact, even to the most amateur of Shakespearian scholars because it lists in its first half all the anti-Shakespeare arguments and claims, without comment, before, in the second part, turning to a thorough criticism of the main theories. In his foreword Mr. Ivor Brown praises not only the author's achievement but his equanimity in a matter which so strangely rouses the passions of our Island race. Recommended as a volume to keep and, if necessary, to use in controversies.

THE EPIC STRAIN IN THE ENGLISH NOVEL (Chatto and Windus. 21s.) has been written by Dr. E. M. W. Tillyard, Master of the Cambridge college of Jesus and a scholar of the greatest distinction. Dr. Tillyard explains the purpose of the book in his first lines, and writes that a truer though more unwieldy title would have been: An Attempt to select and comment on those Works of Prose Fiction in the English Language that approximate to the Spirit of the Epic rather than to that of another Literary Kind. The reader can see that the length of that might have been forbidding, but that, in fact, it would have been exact and explanatory. In the course of his book the writer comments on the few English novels which, in his opinion, fit his definition of epic writing. These include *Robinson Crusoe*, Arnold Bennett's *Old Wives' Tale*, one of Conrad's, three of Walter Scott's, and George Eliot's *Middlemarch*. It is a stimulating choice and the book itself is a lively encouragement to thoughtful reading and re-reading.

It would be difficult to fault Miss Sylvia Townsend Warner's translation of Marcel Proust's BY WAY OF SAINTE-BEUVE (Chatto and Windus. 25s.); an expression of that great writer's taste and talent which started out as a short article against Sainte-Beuve's theory that the critic should be as neutral as the scientist, and which he later expanded into an essay of 250 pages. With this are sketches of writers and painters, among them a superb appreciation of Chardin's domestic interiors, and a long section which shows Proust as an intuitive and extraordinarily acute literary critic. Altogether, a "must" for Proustians.

The Victorian revival which has begun to make itself evident, first in fiction, then in furniture, is now lapping timidly against the cliffs of the Albert Hall, that interesting object on the southern side of Hyde Park. The place has a history, even in the last thirty years, that could scarcely be more varied, and which has included gatherings of people assembled for such diverse purposes as listening to Austrian boys singing and watching the American basket ball championships. Mr. Ronald W. Clark has written the eighty-seven-year-old history of the edifice from the time it was planned as a building rather like the Petit Palais in Paris, to its present function as a meeting-place for protean arts and fancies. THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL (Hamish Hamilton. 25s.) tells a story that is founded in Victorian life and custom, and that, like many Victorian inventions, has had the vitality to endure into our own times and continue to be a vigorous part of our everyday existence.

Although young Alexandre Dumas had already had several plays successfully produced, it was not until after the publication of his book of travel sketches that, as he said himself, "people began to see that I had some genius." In 1832, and for a number of reasons, Dumas left Paris for a few months, and a year later wrote of his experiences in a slightly dramatised but highly entertaining journal. Mr. R. W. Plummer and Mr. A. Craig Bell have translated and edited TRAVELS IN SWITZERLAND (Peter Owen. 18s.), and have made a delightful book of it; often amusing, always brilliantly observant and very much a young man's work.

ELEGANCE ON HORSEBACK: A painting by Alfred de Dreux, a French painter of the nineteenth century notable for his equestrian studies, is reproduced on the dust jacket of *The Horse and Rider's Year 1958* (G. T. Foulis. 3 gns.). The volume is a translation of *L'Année Hippique*, the original French edition compiled under the direction of MM. Oscar Cornaz and Jean Bridel, who are experts in the photography of horses. The book is profusely illustrated and records all the international horse shows of 1957, with articles by many famous riders. Among them Miss Pat Smythe writes on "the Show Jumping Year in England."

All the novels this week take the reader to what were once, when the world was big, called "foreign parts." That is, if France and the United States count as abroad, and at least one of them still strikes me as being remarkably foreign. THE BUFF ENVELOPE (Peter Davies. 15s.) is by Mr. John Gilbert about post-wa Singapore, and manages to be both as virile and wel mannered a story as its hero, a naval officer who has r joined the service on a short-term basis. Very informati about social conditions (white) and social unrest (yellow and lightly, brightly readable.

SEPTEMBER ROSES (Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.) i M. André Maurois' new novel, translated by Mr. Gerar Hopkins, and I found it both depressing and unreal. No artificial, because artificial things do, after all, exist, but th dream story of a distinguished, elderly French writer with beautiful, loving and cultured wife, and their mutual miseri after the husband returns from a hectic South American le ture tour, scarcely touches reality at any point. Or perhap one just doesn't know about French realities. I have no made the point that the book is gracefully, even elegantly written, because I think everyone will take that for granted

American fiction is represented by Mr. Arthur Nesbitt's SAY YOU NEVER SAW ME (Secker and Warburg. 18s.) Here the writing has little of grace but a great deal o liveliness and force. This is a story about travelling salesmen, not the door-to-door, pathetic, half-hopeless kind, but the ones who really do travel, thousands of miles a year back and forth, up and down the United States who have vast expense accounts, Cadillacs and a fami liarity with aircraft and good hotels. It is a fascinating piece of work, particularly for a first novel, sometimes a little hair-raising and never dull.

REAPERS OF THE STORM (Dobson. 18s.) has been written in the form of a novel by Elizabeth Lyttleton and Herbert Sturz, but it is admitted that the fiction thinly veils the fact of human experience in a fishing village i Spain, a place so poverty-stricken that food passes for good wage and the level of subsistence is close to starva tion. Moving and written with sincerity and compassion.

NAKED UNDER CAPRICORN (Macdonald. 15s.) by Mr. Olaf Ruhen, is a tale of Central Australia during the first forty years of the century, a period of amazing expansion described here in what seems to me to be a highly original way. For the author's centr character is no pioneer of vision, nor even a ruthless adventurer, but one of those men who get carried along in the main stream of other people's action: a drifter, a man to whom things happen but never an initiator. Through his rises and declines of fortune the development of the country is reflected and, incidentally, a first-rate story is told.

Madame Maria Dermout is an elderly Dutch lady whose first novel, THE TEN THOUSAND THINGS (Secker and Warburg. 16s.), is set against the background of the Molucca Islands in the East Indies, which she and her family have known for generations, and where her great-great-great-grandfather was a captain in sail with the East India Company. This is a charming, haunting book, told with the lovely simplicity of a fairy-story but far from naïve.

Two thrillers to end with and the first of them by Mr. Arthur Upfield, THE BACHELORS OF BROKEN HILL (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.). This shows the great, half-aboriginal detective, Bony, at his matchless best, with all his justifiable self-confidence and his imperturbability. How *good* Upfield is, and not for mystery and excitement alone, but for his wonderful descriptions of the Australian scene. THE HOVERING DARKNESS (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.), by Miss Evelyn Berckman, is about murder and kidnapping threats in a huge transatlantic liner. One or two chilling moments, but I can never really enjoy stories in which the focus is a frightened child.

Vernon Fane

THE HEROES OF ZEEBRUGGE

The Epic Action of St. George's Day 1918

April 23, St. George's Day, the traditional birthday of Shakespeare, and the day, too, of his death, has for thirty years past been commemorated also as Zeebrugge Day. This was perhaps the greatest exploit of British arms in the First World War. It was a mighty calculated risk, and the prize for success was the bottling up of the German U-boat fleet then engaged in such destruction of our merchant fleet that continuation of the war through 1918 seemed to the War Cabinet highly unlikely. In his book ZEEBRUGGE : ST. GEORGE'S DAY 1918 (Cassell. 18s.) Barrie Pitt reconstructs the story of this great mission. He shows how it was planned and inspired by Roger Keyes who, with a motley squadron and an assorted crew of courageous men, sailed into the teeth of the enemy's shore defence network. It was a desperate throw, but meticulously planned in every detail. The action on the Mole itself was marked by the heroism of many men, and it was little wonder that when it was all over 11 were awarded the V.C., 21 received the D.S.O., 29 the D.S.C., 16 the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal, and 143 the D.S.M. Barrie Pitt has done his work well. His book is detailed and highly documented, but, nevertheless, a breathless and unforgettable narrative.

"Go East, young man," was the advice given to John Stericker as a young man working in the comparative civilisation of a large cigarette factory in Liverpool. So girding up his loins, and anything else that needed girding, he set out for China, not along the sea route (with romances on moonlit boat-decks, Singapore nights, etc.), but across Russia on the flea-ridden Trans-Siberian Railway. A TEAR FOR THE DRAGON (Arthur Barker. 16s.) is Mr. Stericker's racy account of his experiences. He looks back with nostalgia on the China that expatriates love so well, and although his long and successful sojourn in the East ended in a Japanese internment camp in Hong Kong, he keeps his story light-hearted to the end. His final tale describes a visit to the Gloucester Hotel, Hong Kong, at the end of four years of war. "There I met a former prisoner of war," says Mr. Stericker, "and he was wearing a smart lounge suit while the rest of us were in khaki shirts and shorts. He explained that his *amah* had kept it for him during the whole war. He put his hand in his pocket and, to his surprise, pulled out a pre-war hat check belonging to this same hotel. 'Take it along and see what happens,' we said. Enjoying our little joke, we stood behind him. The cloakroom boy, unmoved, put his hand in a pigeon-hole and handed him his hat. The war *was* over."

Here is another war story with a happy aftermath. In THE STICK AND THE STARS (Hutchinson. 15s.) Commander William King, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., tells us something of his experiences as an underwater mariner when operating in the dank, dark hulls of Britain's submarines. Of his wartime success there is no doubt. After it was all over Commander King

THE BOURBONS AS KINGS

Sir Charles Petrie's historical output is impressive indeed. Book follows book and none is neglected by the critics. He is still in his middle sixties and one may think that his is a race against time to squeeze into book form the knowledge he has acquired in a life of study. Few British literary men are better fitted for a study—a very timeous one—of the Spanish monarchy. He knows Spain well and has close literary ties with Spain. In THE SPANISH ROYAL HOUSE (Geoffrey Bles. 30s.), he deals with the Bourbon dynasty. Charles II died in 1700, the last son of Philip IV and his line. In his last days his chief concern was to prevent the dismemberment of his sprawling dominions and he concluded that only the all-powerful Louis XIV could help Spain to that end. Accordingly, he left a will settling the whole of his dominions on Philip of Anjou, second son of the Dauphin; whom failing to the Archduke Charles. Louis was well aware of the perils of the inheritance, but plumped for acceptance and so Philip V started the Bourbon dynasty in Spain; and the rule of the Habsburgs, which had covered the greatest days of Spanish dominance and civilisation, ended. The decline under the Bourbons was by no means fast and furious. The first Bourbons tried hard enough to move with the times. Philip V was under the influence of his grandfather and women. Ferdinand VI and Charles III did their best to keep Spain out of trouble. Charles IV "meant well" also, but was lazy and dominated by his ambitious wife. The nadir of the Bourbons came when Napoleon kicked him out. The story, too long to précis, goes on to Ferdinand VII and Isabella, the Revolution and Restoration with Alphonso XII, and into our own times with Alphonso XIII and his English queen; to Primo and another abdication, down to Franco and the hopes of the monarchists in the person of Juan Carlos. Bourbon kings have suffered from their proverbial frailties of memory. Sir Charles' record is exciting to read, lucid, authoritative.

PRISON LIFE

Books on prison life seem popular to-day. I reviewed one only the other day. It is indeed staggering to realise how great has been the change in our theories and practices in regard to crime and punishment in the past half-century and how a comparatively few prison reformers have achieved so much for so many. Even to-day much remains to do, a great deal of theory awaits justification by experience, and for decades no Government has been willing to find the money to build the modern prisons on which these great experiments in reformation depend so largely. In an unpretentious and short autobiography, THE WALL IS STRONG (John Long. 16s.), Captain Gerold Clayton supplies some details of a prison governor's life in the great prisons of London, at Portland, and on the Moor in particular. The most fruitful soil for his private experiments and theories was at Dorchester, but he was often handicapped by tradition, and though he had theories in plenty, these are not always as clear-cut as his trenchant style suggests. He writes with a commendable lack of sensationalism, even when his subject is Bywaters or Jacoby, and he succeeded, as few men did, in deflating Bottomley. But then, he caught him with his trousers down. His little book shows signs of haste in preparation, and could have done with more careful revision. Dartmoor Prison and the Napoleonic Wars did not date from the beginning of the eighteenth century. But despite a few slips of that kind, the book is modest and wholesome and sensible. **John Gore.**

turned to the surface of the sea, crossing the Atlantic four times in small boats, and in 1951 winning the Paul Hammond Cup for "the best individual performance in sailing craft of any kind." Then came a new phase. With a wife, two children, three hunters and a farm, he has made his life in the West of Ireland amid the stone walls, the turf fires and the green fields. This is a most cheerful tale full of contrast and variety, written by a man who does not seem to have wasted a moment of his life.

John Caldwell's FAMILY AT SEA (Robert Hale. 18s.) and THE GUN PUNT ADVENTURE (Faber and Faber. 25s.), by Colin Willock, are two more books about boats, but very differing types of craft. Mr. Caldwell is a Texan, married to an Australian and wedded to the sea. Here he describes how he and Mrs. Caldwell sailed their small craft, *Tropic Seas*, 8,000 miles across the Pacific, encountering calms, storms, coral reefs, and at least one tidal wave. One suspects that their greatest worry during all this joyous voyaging was the safety of their two little boys, who were often cooped up in the cabin for days on end. Mr. Willock's book is all about two men in the grip of an obsession—to design and build a gunning punt with a half-pound gun mounted for operations against wildfowl. This is a book essentially for wildfowling enthusiasts, who will find in it a mass of information.

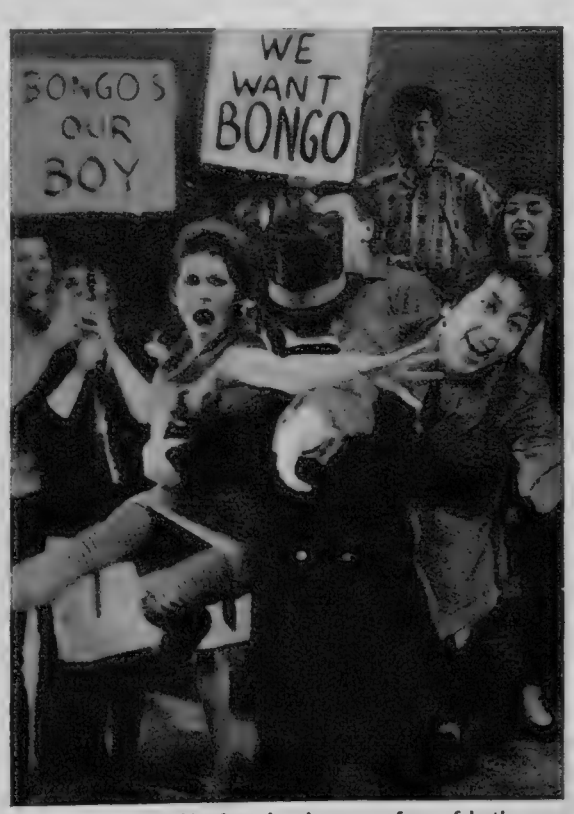
Basil Lubbock's THE ROMANCE OF THE CLIPPER SHIPS (Hennel Locke. 21s.) now appears in a new edition with the excellent full-colour illustrations of Frank Mason. Six new illustrations have been added. It was first published in 1948 and reprinted in 1949.

R. C. E.

A YOUNG HOPEFUL ENTERTAINS: In this scene from *Expresso Bongo*, at the Saville Theatre, Herbert Rudge, in the background (James Kenney), croons a tune while his friends snap their fingers in time to the music. This play, an adaptation of an original story by Wolf Mankowitz, is a musical satire on Tin Pan Alley and, in particular, the so-called "teenage star." The principal figures in the contemporary world of the "pop disc" (popular record) are a second-rate agent (Paul Scofield) who discovers a boy capable of holding the attention of his young audience by his singing and his playing of the bongo drums. Out of the youngster and his very slight talent the agent creates a teen-age wonder. But fame and fortune bring the idol his share of troubles. He is disloyal and rids himself of the man who made him. In turn, the agent produces another "star"; thus the wheels within Tin Pan Alley are kept in motion. Paul Scofield, departing from the "straight" stage, takes the part of the agent. Another member of the big cast is Hy Hazell, who will be remembered as a pantomime principal boy a few years ago. The dance routines are executed with extraordinary verve and there are some witty and tuneful lyrics.

DISCORD BETWEEN TEENAGE STAR AND HIS AGENT: The entertainer known as Bongo (James Kenney) smokes a cigar after airing disapproval of a variety tour arranged by his agent, standing behind the telephone. Listening to the argument is a somewhat scornful recording impresario (Meier Tzelniker).

A MUSICAL SATIRE ON THE "TEENAGE STAR"



TEENAGE HYSTERIA: Carrying banners, fans of both sexes shout and push their way into the fashionable night club where their idol is making his début entertaining the society clientele with his exuberant act.

INTERLUDE FOR ROMANCE: Bongo relaxes in the sun-lounge of a villa in Majorca with Dixie Collins (Hy Hazell), an ageing actress who has designs on the young and successful "pop" singer, played by James Kenney.

BRINGING IN THE NEW YEAR: A gaily decorated chariot, symbolising the New Year, stands in a street of Bhatgaon, in Nepal, surrounded by the crowds who come every year to celebrate the traditional ceremony, Bisket Yatra. The chariot, which carries an effigy from the central temple, is being drawn by children back to the temple. Many people from the hills come into the town for the New Year.

NEW YEAR IN NEPAL

A Traditional Ceremony Which Has Been Held for Three Centuries

To celebrate the New Year in Nepal, which begins on April 12, a traditional ceremony, Bisket Yatra, has been held for over three centuries in Bhatgaon. This year is 2015 of the Vikram Sambat, the calendar used in much of Northern India. Vikram or Vikramaditya was a Brahman king in the sixth century A.D., who antedated his era, putting it back to 56 B.C. to constitute the Samvat or modern Hindu era. In the traditional ceremony in Bhatgaon, a 60-ft.-high effigy, made of a wooden pole anchored to the ground and topped with green leaves, is pulled to the ground by the older inhabitants. The effigy, said to represent a man, is the symbol of the old year. Before its destruction, crowds from all over Nepal, and especially from the Northern hill areas, place at its foot similar but smaller effigies as tributes to the old year. A gaily decorated chariot is pulled through the town by children. The chariot, which is the symbol of the New Year, contains an effigy from the central temple of Bhatgaon. During the celebrations it is returned to the temple. The inhabitants are mainly Buddhists or Hindus. Nepal was originally divided into hill clans and small principalities. One of these, Gurkha, became predominant and has since given its name to all.

THE END OF THE OLD YEAR: The symbol of the old year, a wooden pole topped with green leaves, is pulled to the ground.

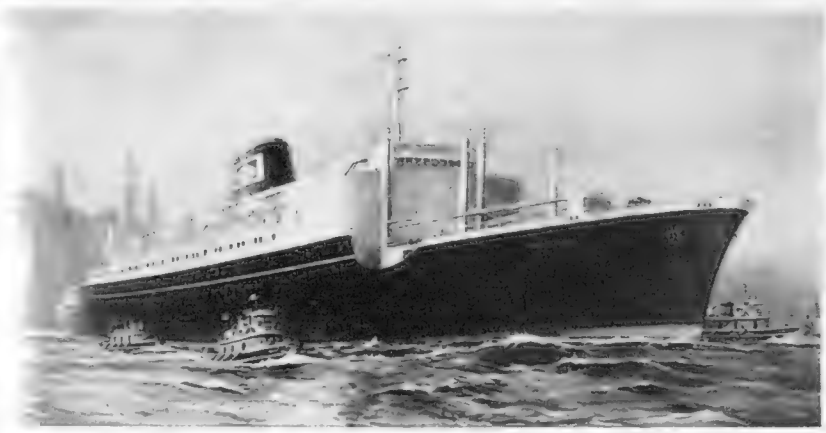
THE LAST OFFERINGS: The crowds round the base of the tall pole place small effigies, made of sticks with mop-like heads of green leaves, at its foot. The pole is then pulled down by the old people of the town. In the background is the chariot of the New Year.

NEW SHIPS AND AN OLD TRAWLER

Two New Vessels from Scottish Yards; A Tourist-Class Liner from New York; "Girl Pat" up for Sale

On left—

A NEW CARGO-LINER TAKES THE WATER: The M.V. *Shaftesbury* leaves the slipway at the Fifeshire yard of The Burntisland Shipbuilding Co., Ltd. on the Firth of Forth. She is the latest addition to the fleet of the Alexander Shipping Co., Ltd., and is one of many cargo-liners which have been built at the Burntisland shipyard for the owners. The naming ceremony was performed by Mrs. Maureen Alexander, wife of a director of the owning company. The *Shaftesbury*, of about 12,000 tons deadweight, has five cargo holds. Her main propelling machinery is a Hawthorn Leslie-Doxford opposed-piston, two-cycle oil engine. Among the ship's prominent modern features is a special fresh water generator which is capable of producing 12 tons of domestic water every twenty-four hours. Consequently, this eliminates the necessity for large tank storage spaces which encroach on cargo-carrying capacity.



AMERICA'S FIRST TOURIST-CLASS LINER: An artist's impression of the 18,100-ton S.S. *Atlantic* which is the first of a fleet of three transatlantic vessels to be converted and put into service for passenger duties by American Banner Lines. She was formerly a cargo vessel. The ship will sail between New York, Zeebrugge and Amsterdam. She is 564 ft. long, has a speed of 20 knots and there is accommodation for forty first-class passengers and for 860 in tourist class. In order to achieve maximum passenger comfort at sea all cabins and public rooms are concentrated towards the centre of the ship. Included in the five passenger decks is a glass-enclosed promenade deck.

A FAMOUS TRAWLER UP FOR SALE: The *Girl Pat* lies in Surrey Commercial Docks in London. She had arrived to be put up for sale, possibly for conversion into a houseboat. The Grimsby trawler became world-famous in 1935 when she was sailed by Captain "Dod" Osborne, navigating with a school atlas, 5,000 miles across the Atlantic to British Guiana. Captain Osborne died at the end of last year aged fifty-nine. He had many adventures at sea in war and in peace.

On left—

ON THE STOCKS: The 9,221-ton cargo motor ship *Wimbledon* is seen at the yard of Barclay, Curle and Co., Ltd., at Glasgow, shortly before her launching. She is being built for Britain Steamship Co., Ltd., and is the second of two sister ships. The naming ceremony was performed by Mrs. J. Gilchrist, wife of the chairman of the builders.

A TROPHY FOR ACHIEVEMENT

Dunlops Receive the Dewar Cup; Parking Systems in Paris and London; Vauxhall Expansion; And Other News of Interest to the Motorist and the Racing Enthusiast

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THE award of the Dewar Cup to the Dunlop Rubber Company gives a reminder of the way in which technical developments in the realm of motor sport gradually filter down to the family motorist. For this historic trophy is given to the British firm making the year's biggest contribution to technical advancement in the automobile field. The R.A.C. does not make a fetish of awarding it every year, irrespective of merit. They only give it if a firm has done something really outstanding. That is why any firm which gets the Dewar Trophy is entitled to feel proud.

It has been presented only a few times since the war. The recipients have included the Rover Company for its achievements in turbocar development; Jaguar Cars for their racing successes at Le Mans; and the Rootes Group for their Sunbeam successes in the Alpine Trial. Now Dunlops get it for their pioneer work on disc brakes and their achievements in developing high-speed tyres capable of standing up to the fantastic stresses of record-breaking runs such as those made last year by Stirling Moss in a streamlined M.G.

he is off the beam, too, when he says that discs need three times as many attendants. What "Mr. Traffic" does *not* point out is that the disc scheme is ten times more flexible than the meter system and allows many more cars to use available kerbside parking space.

I have now had a chance to road test the new Vauxhall Velox. May I say right away that the car in almost every way lives up to the undoubted improvement in its appearance. Its road-holding is better, thanks largely to an appreciable lowering of the centre of gravity. The steering is light and positive. The square, 6-cylinder, 2¼-litre engine gives a sparkling acceleration and an impressive top-gear performance.

On a long run I did 23 miles to the gallon. The provision of synchromesh on all three gears is a welcome refinement. The car corners fast without much tyre squeal and with surprisingly little roll. The brakes are good and the driver gets a good all-round view by reason of the panoramic windscreen and the design of the rear window.

ONE OF THE MOST MODERN VEHICLE-PRODUCING UNITS IN THE WORLD: An aerial view of the newly-completed car production building of Vauxhall Motors, at Luton, in Bedfordshire. It forms part of the company's vast expansion programme. The expansion and re-equipment at Luton has involved the re-location of 3,000 existing machines and the installation of more than 2,000 new ones. The entire scheme cost £36,000,000.

The Ministry of Transport has published the Samuels report on the Paris disc parking system. It does little to justify the Minister's decision not to try the system out in London. Mr. Alexander Samuels went over to Paris to study the Paris idea last January. He is Britain's "Mr. Traffic" and is chairman of the London and Home Counties Traffic Advisory Committee. With him to Paris went a police expert and two Ministry of Transport officials. It was on their joint advice that the Minister said "No" to suggestions that discs should be tried out in London.

The Paris discs revolve in a cardboard envelope which motorists place inside their windscreens. When a motorist leaves his car at the kerbside in the Paris disc zone he turns the disc until his arrival time shows in a little window in the envelope. The time by which he must remove his car then shows automatically in another similar window. If the car is left too long official attendants make a note of the fact and the erring motorist hears from the police.

The Samuels report gives seven reasons for rejecting discs in favour of meters. Three of them are based on the fact that motorists have to pay for meter parking whereas Paris drivers do not pay for disc parking. But as the Paris authorities are considering making a charge for the discs, at present issued free, this objection is frivolous. Nor can I agree with Mr. Samuels that discs lend themselves to evasion more than meters. I think

That adds up to quite a lot of virtues. Any motorist looking for a big family saloon for less than £1,000 cannot afford to leave out of reckoning the claims of this latest product from Luton. The Velox costs £983 17s., though the list price, without purchase tax, is only £655. The Cresta is, in effect, a de luxe model of the Velox. It costs £1,073 17s., including heater. My main criticism of the Velox is that the engine is rather noisy, with what appears to be a lot of carburettor roar at speeds over 60 m.p.h. The gear-box is noisy, too, when the middle ratio is being used. But what a useful gear that middle ratio is, to be sure. There 's no need to drop down into bottom unless you have actually stopped; although many drivers will be tempted to do so now that low gear can be engaged noiselessly.

The new 6-cylinder Vauxhalls are without doubt the most elegant cars that have come out of the Luton factory for many years. Simplicity of line, with excellent proportions, have replaced the fussy treatment that has spoiled certain Vauxhall models in the past. No one can deny a transatlantic influence, but with the possible exception of the too-large rear lamp clusters, such American features as the tail fins and massive bumpers have been suitably toned down.

It is appropriate at this point to congratulate Vauxhall Motors on the completion of their £36,000,000 expansion programme. When the scheme was approved in September 1954 it was scheduled as a five-year plan. In 1955, however, the bold decision was taken to complete it by 1958. Mr. Philip Copelin, Vauxhalls' popular managing director, told me recently that the expansion programme was intended to increase the firm's productive capacity almost twofold: from 130,000 cars, vans and trucks a year to 250,000. The programme was also aimed at increasing the Vauxhall-manufactured content of the company's vehicles and bringing the firm's production methods right up to date.

As a result, Vauxhalls now have one of the most modern vehicle-producing units in the world. With these facilities and their range of attractive new cars and trucks, the British branch of General Motors should soon be able to get back to—and eventually surpass—their peak prosperity figures. They are well placed, too, to cope with the drastically new trading conditions which might develop with the arrival of a European Free Trade area.

Main features of the expansion programme were the construction of a huge new building of 1,500,000 sq. ft. at Luton; extension of the Dunstable plant from 120,000 to 1,250,000 sq. ft.; re-equipment of the Luton machine shop; and the erection of a new 500,000 sq. ft. building at Dunstable to house all the Company's parts and accessories activities.

The Budget is getting to be ancient history now, but I cannot refrain from commenting on the average motorist's great disappointment that it brought him no purchase tax or petrol duty relief. Perhaps it was a case of expecting the worst and hoping for the best. Perhaps motorists were disappointed, but not surprised, that purchase tax and petrol duty have been allowed to remain at their present penal level. There had been plain hints from the Government that there was unlikely to be any relaxation of their fight against inflation. And with the motor industry doing so well just now in the export field the experts were saying that the 60 per cent. purchase tax on cars was almost certain to be untouched.

It seems that the poor motorist has to pay through the nose for the motor industry's efficiency and salesmanship! Purchase tax on cars has never been less than 33⅓ per cent. for more than eighteen years. It has stood at 60 per cent. since October 1950. We have had to endure the 2s. 6d. a gallon petrol tax since 1952. What a difference it would make if purchase tax were taken off cars altogether and if the petrol duty were also abolished. Just think: You 'd be able to fill up with premium-grade petrol for 2s. 2d. a gallon. You 'd be able to go into your nearest Ford showroom and order an Anglia for as little as £380. You 'd be able to get a new 2·4-litre Jaguar for under £1,000.

Motor racing has made a good start in Britain this year, with excellent meetings at Goodwood, Aintree, Oulton Park and Brands Hatch. To-day (Saturday), the *Daily Express* meeting at Silverstone will bring together again in friendly rivalry the drivers who are keeping Britain to the forefront in this virile sport: men like Stirling Moss, Peter Collins, Mike Hawthorn (who has just written an exciting book on motor racing, *Challenge Me the Race*; William Kimber. 21s.), Tony Brooks, Jack Brabham, Roy Salvadori, Stuart Lewis-Evans, Archie Scott-Brown, Graham Hill, Jack Fairman, Cliff Allison . . . the list could be extended for many names. So far the limelight has been shared by the sports cars—Aston Martins, Lister-Jaguars, Climax-engined Lotuses—and by the Climax-engined single-seat Coopers of 1·9 litres and 1½ litres.

At Silverstone to-day the new 2·2-litre Formula One Coopers should be making their debut. This bigger engine is also a Climax. It is also being used by Mr. Colin Chapman in his 2¼-litre sports cars. These are the cars he will be using at Le Mans. They have already had an airing. So far the B.R.M. has again disappointed, and Britain's big hope in the world championship is still the Vanwall. This car has not yet raced this season. Its first outing will probably be the Monaco Grand Prix on May 18. This is the season's second event in the world championship. The first was the Argentine Grand Prix, in which Moss picked up eight valuable points when he won in a 1·9-litre Cooper entered by Mr. Rob Walker, who runs a racing "stable" from a Dorking (Surrey) garage, which is one of a variety of business interests.

On my desk lies a book with red covers. It is a book the very sight of which I find exciting. It is the 1958 edition of the famous *Guide Michelin* (price 22s. 6d.). Turn only a few of its pages and the urge is on you to pack a bag, get out the car and drive straight to Dover or Ferryfield. What fun it is to read of the gastronomic joys offered by the eleven restaurants which, out of the hundreds that abound in France, are the only ones to get a three-star recommendation. I pick one of them at random: the Pyramide at Vienne. Here, I read, the specialities are *gratin de queues d'écrivisses*; *truite farcie braisée au porto*; *volaille de Bresse en vessie*. I 'm sorry if I have made your mouth water. Or am I?

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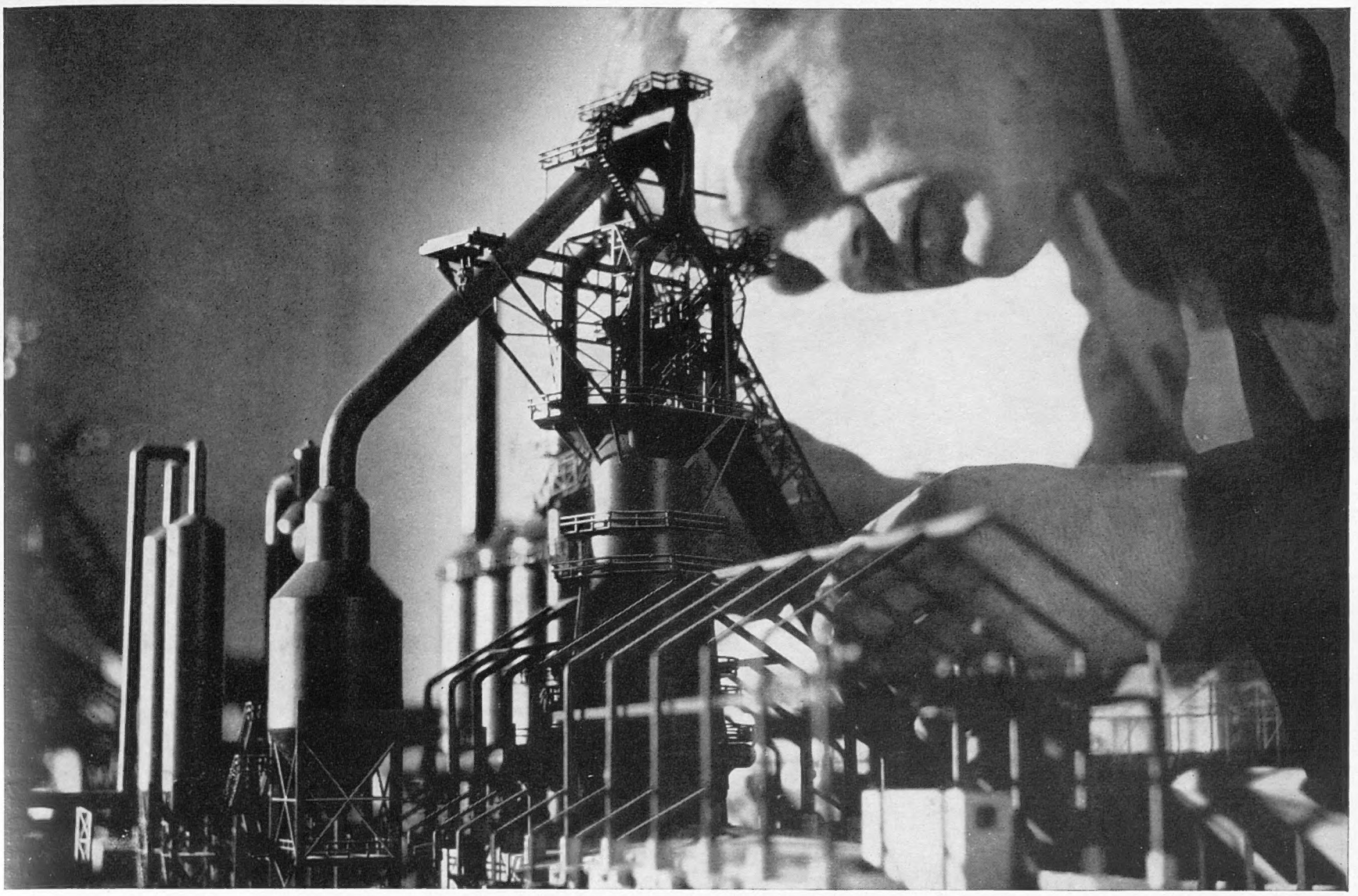


A scale model, perfect in every detail, of the new steelworks being erected at Durgapur, India, by a group of British firms. It is one of the exhibits in the Steel Industry's stand at Brussels. The works embody the latest technical advances.

World sees Britain's revolutionary new steel techniques at Brussels exhibition

New steels—new uses—new ways of making it—these are what the world's steel experts will see at the British Steel Industry's stand

AT THE BRUSSELS EXHIBITION Britain's Steel Industry is on show to the world. The Steel stand in the British Industries pavilion has something to say not only to steel experts, but to everybody.

No one who visits it can be left in any doubt about the vitality and modernity of our steel industry, nor of the vision and enterprise of the men, *at all levels*, who keep it running.

Elaborate Models

It is a fascinating story that it tells, and it is told in a fascinating way. There are vivid colour photographs of skilled men at work; examples of advanced steel products and alloys; elaborate and ingenious models.

One model shows the great new steel works being built at Durgapur in India by a group of British firms. Another shows the two stages in making castellated beams, a unique constructional principle which can be seen in use in the stand itself.

More steel—new uses

Britain's steel output has increased by over two-thirds since 1946, while fuel consumption per ton of steel has been reduced 15%. Visitors will be told of plans to increase capacity by a further 7 million tons in the next five years.

They will see some of our new high-performance special alloys; heat resistant and stainless steels for beating the 'heat barrier' in flight and for atomic power stations; vacuum-melted steels of exceptional purity.

Something they won't see

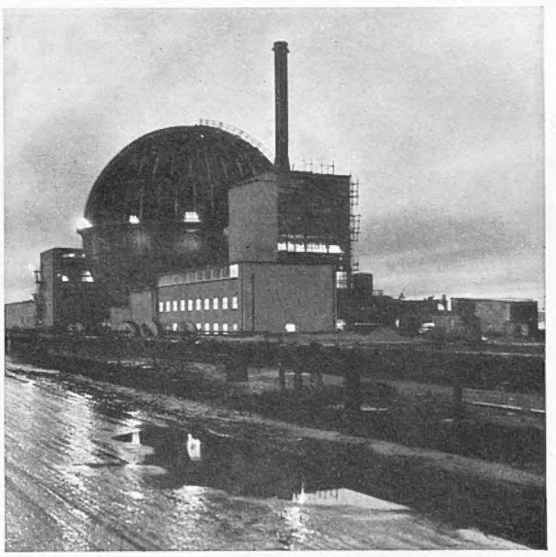
What visitors *can't* see – though perhaps they may infer it – is the spirit that makes Britain's Steel Industry so confident and forward looking: the welding of brains and skill into a team in which everyone has a sense of 'belonging'; the mutual confidence between management and men; the satisfaction of doing a hard job supremely well. But the results are there for the world to see.

How British steel spans the world

There are exhibits showing British steel in use all over the world: models of the projected Forth Road Bridge and of the world's largest radio telescope, jet engines, surgical instruments, a diesel engine bogie cast all in one piece – all of British steel.

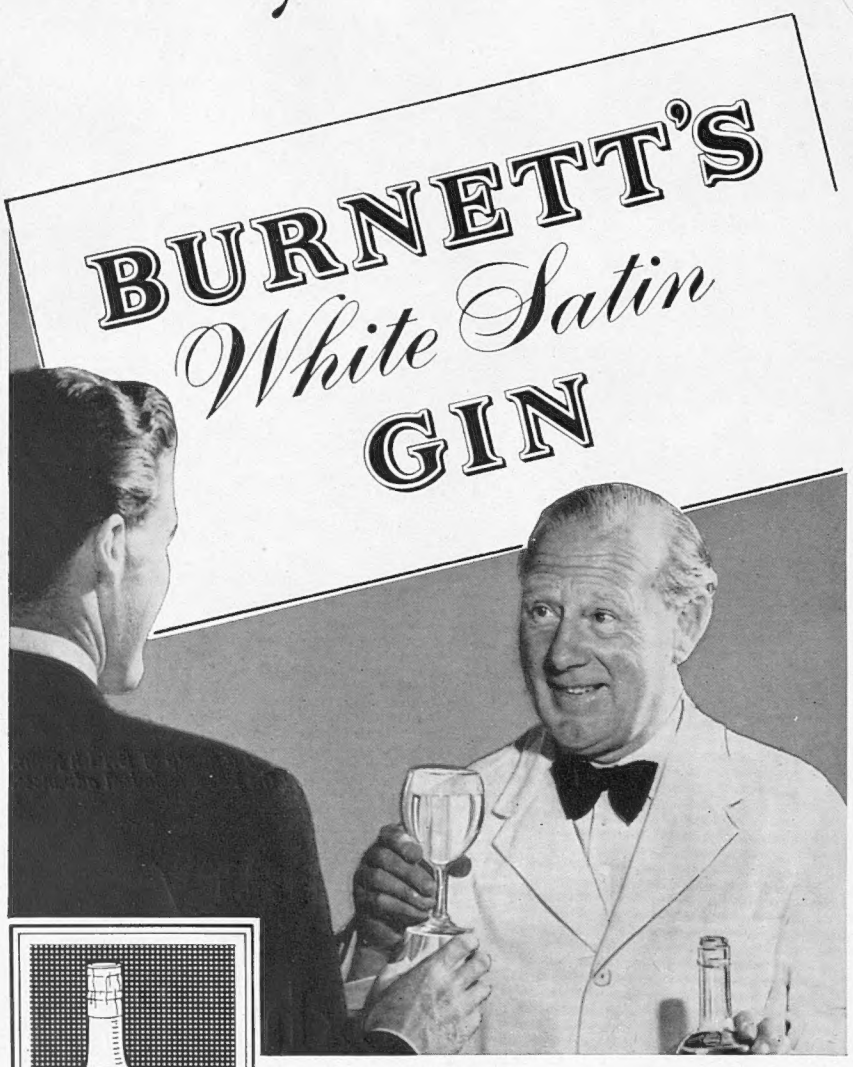
There are other countries that make more steel than Britain, but none that makes it better, and no major producer that makes it so cheaply – and prices were reduced in March. The story of the great technical advances that make this claim possible is the theme of the British Steel Industry's stand at Brussels.

THE BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION



The reactor globe of the Dounreay Atomic Power station is built of steel plates made and assembled by entirely new techniques, specially devised for this particular job.

People who know always insist on



Your bartender will tell you that Burnett's "White Satin" Gin is the old-established Gin preferred by people who appreciate something a little finer and smoother to the palate.

HAVE IT AT HOME TOO!
Put Burnett's "White Satin" Gin on your next order. Available in all sizes, and the same price as ordinary gins.

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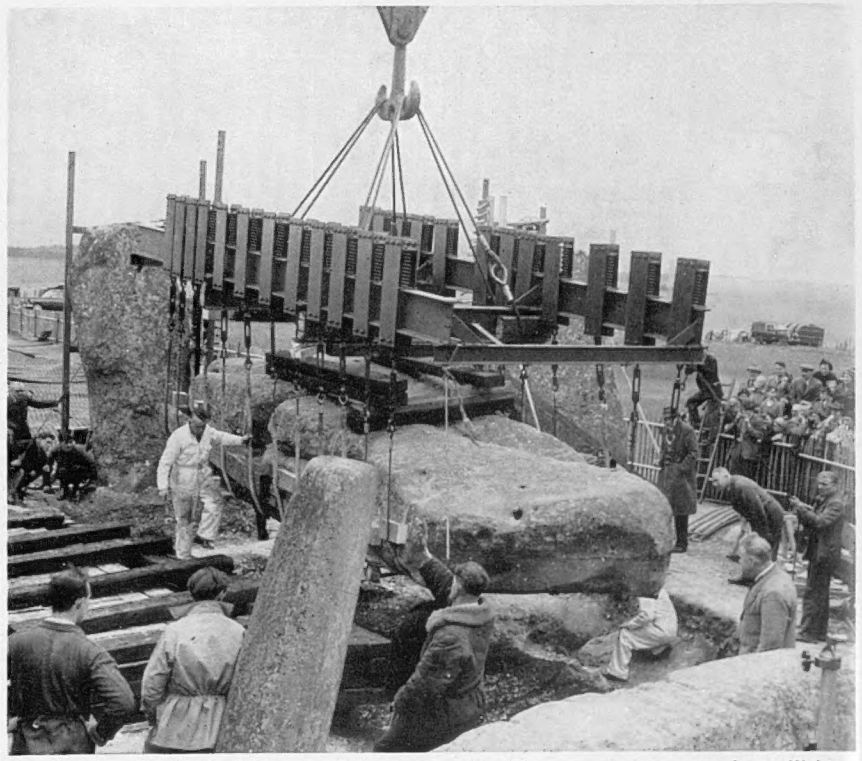
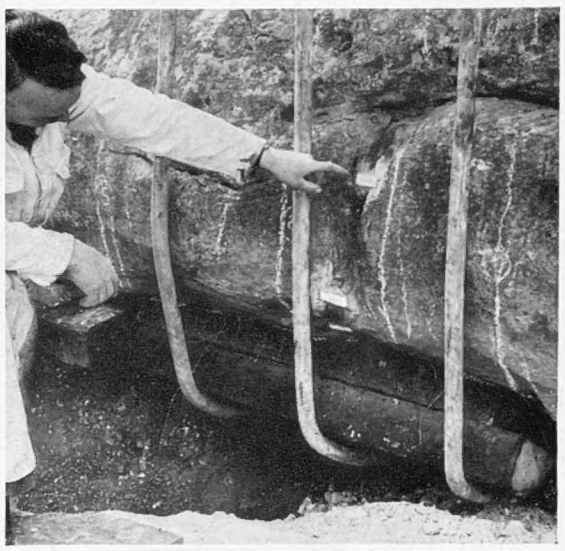
STONEHENGE RESTORATION

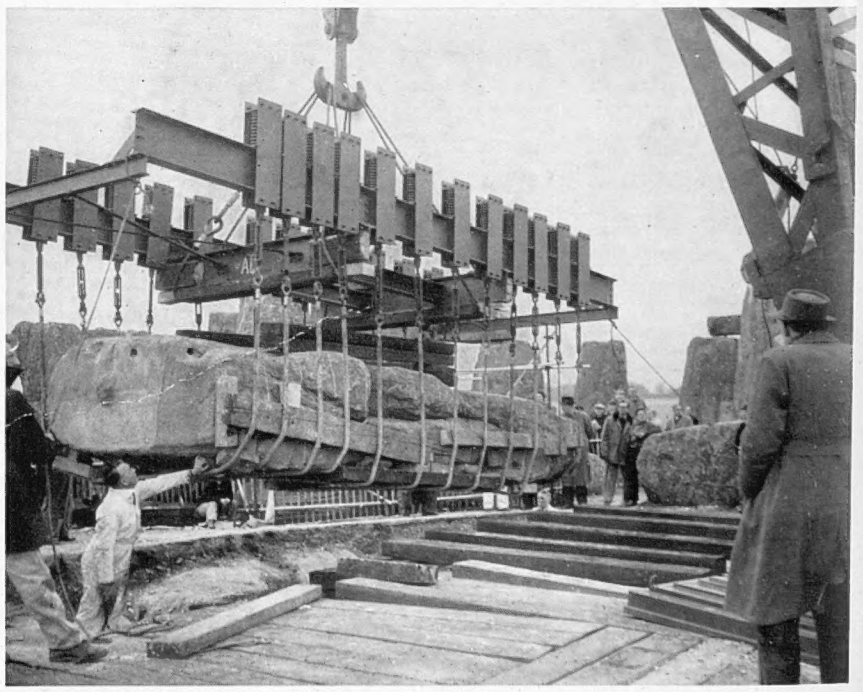
Ministry of Works Experts Prepare to Re-erect a Fallen Trilithon at the Prehistoric Monument on Salisbury Plain



PREPARING FOR A BIG LIFT: A 52-ton cracked sandstone column, part of a trilithon which collapsed at Stonehenge in 1797, and which is being re-erected by the Ministry of Works, is lifted by a 60-ton crane. It was the last of the major stones to be moved at Stonehenge before the work of restoration started. The raising of the column from the hole where it had remained since its collapse proved more difficult than anticipated and it gave the workmen and experts several moments of anxiety. In fact, the task almost proved too much for the crane, one of the most powerful of its type in the country. The strain at the end of the crane's extended jib caused the wheels of the trailer to rise from the ground, despite the concrete ballast aboard. As the jib moved the stone towards the crane, however, the wheels returned to the ground, and the column was safely lowered on to a bed of railway sleepers. Prior to the column being raised, it was tested for internal cracks by a team of experts from Harwell using radioactive sodium. The test results were negligible.



On left—
MARKING AN EXTERNAL CRACK: Mr. E. Thomas inspects an external crack in the column which opened slightly during preparations for lifting. After the lift had been completed, it was found that the crack had closed. In addition to the fallen trilithon, three stones in the outer circle, which fell in 1900, are to be replaced.



A MAJOR OPERATION SAFELY COMPLETED: The cracked column which forms part of Stonehenge's fallen trilithon is lowered from the steel-sprung cradle on to a bed of railway sleepers. The operation was the most difficult so far encountered by experts.

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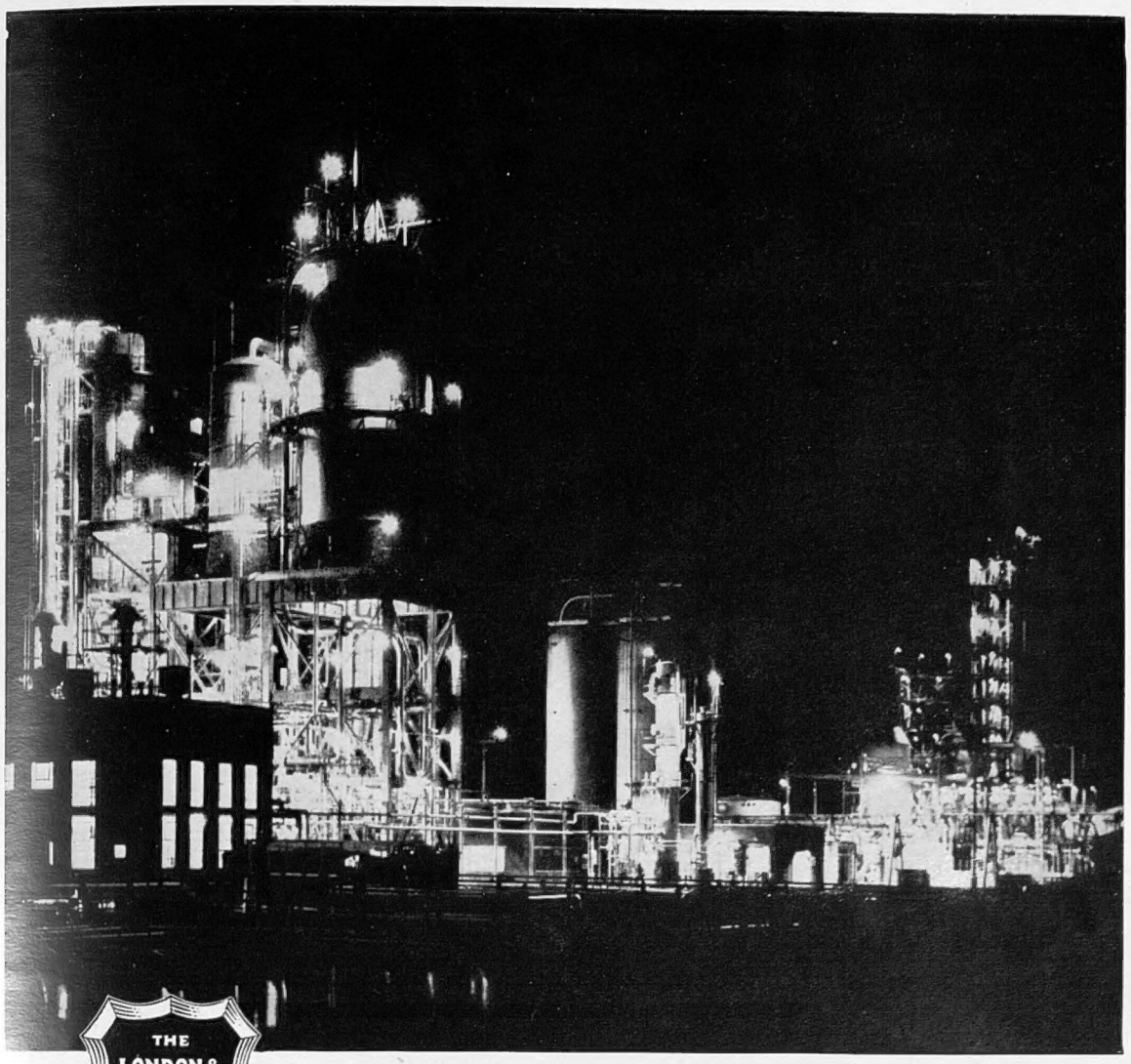

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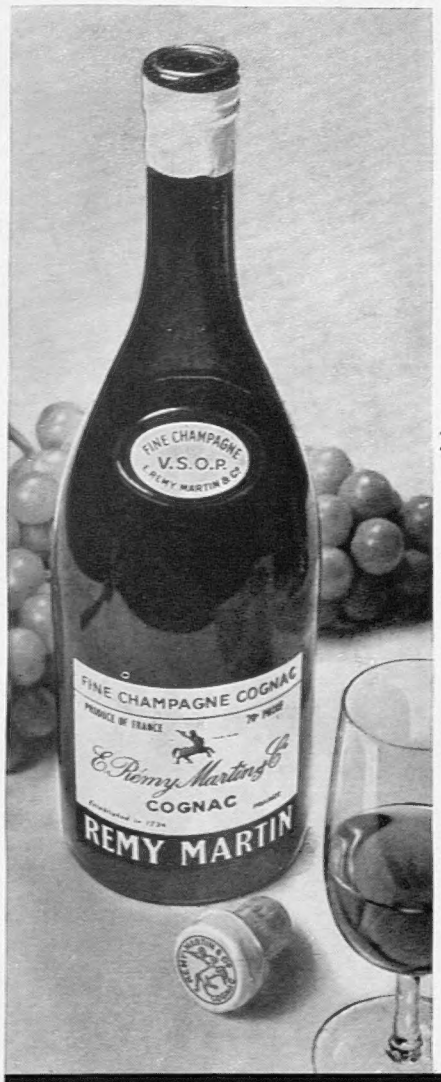

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